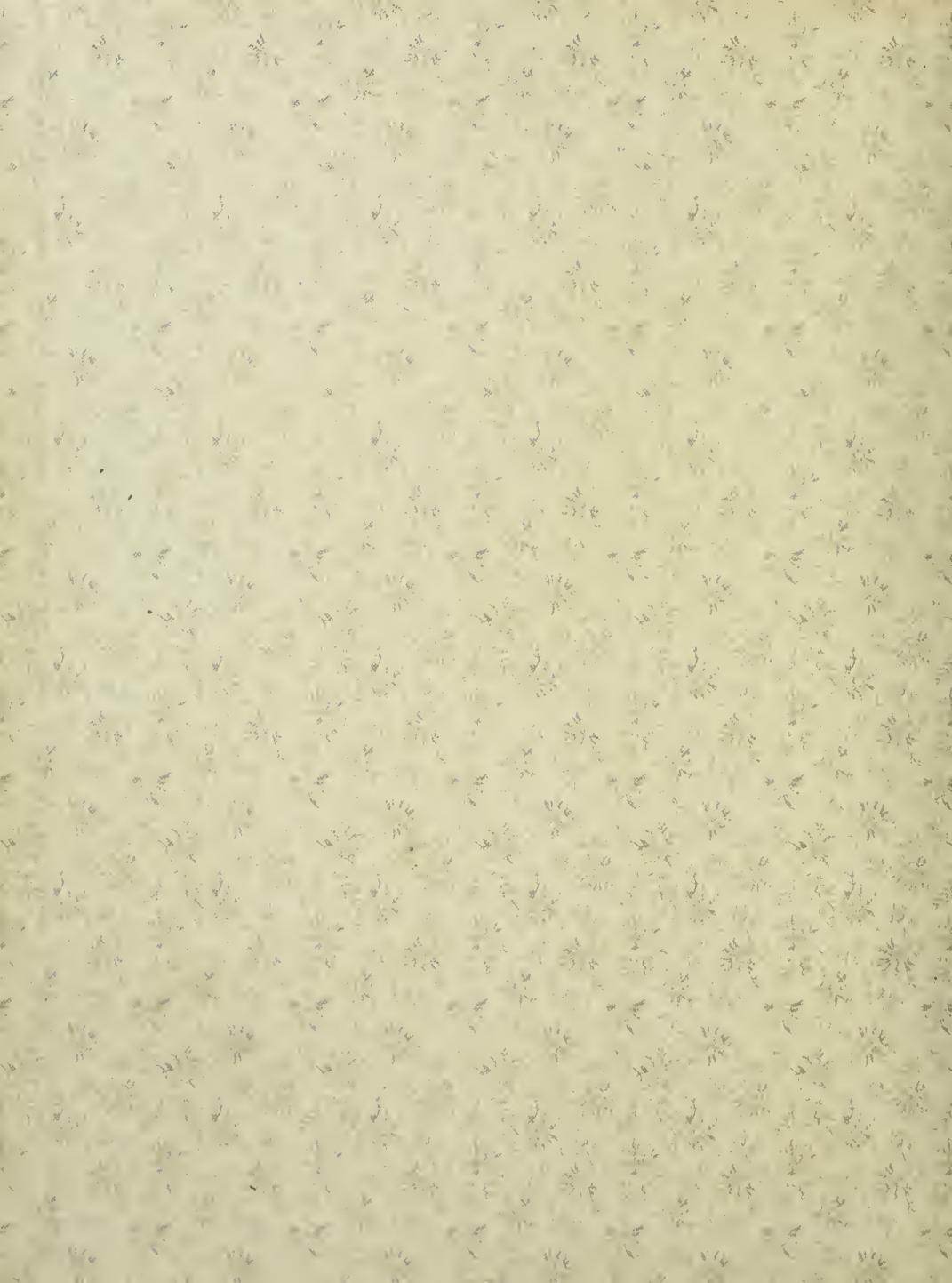


The Blue Stocking

1902









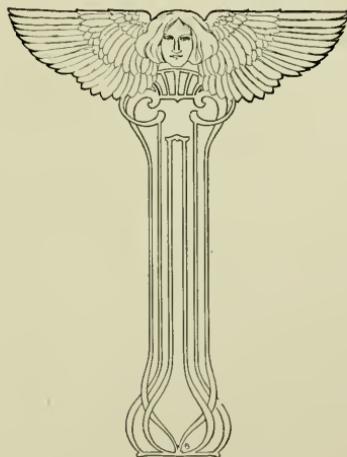
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THE BLUE STOCKING

MARY BALDWIN SEMINARY

1901 - - - 1902



The design on the cover of this book is the Baldwin Coat-of-Arms.

The portraits in this book are from photographs by Murray, Staunton, Virginia.

TO
OUR EFFICIENT AND DEVOTED PRINCIPAL,
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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED.

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School Song.

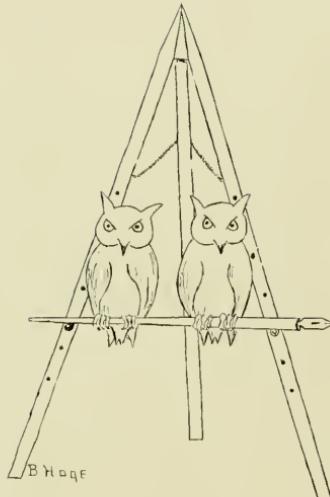
Tune: Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching.

M. B. S. the name we sing,
And our voices proudly ring,
As we join the mighty chorus
Full and strong.
Though our paths divided be,
We are loyal, true to thee,
Home of happiest schoolgirl days—
The M. B. S.

Chorus:

White and yellow float forever,
Colors bravest and the best;
Hark! the echoes catch the strain,
Sounding back the glad refrain:
White and yellow float forever,
M. B. S.

On the hillside green it stands,
Beacon-light to distant lands,
While the colors float above it
Fair and free.
Daughters fond from far and near
Pay a loving tribute here.
Fame hath wreathed the portal old
Of M. B. S.



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EDITORS

EDITORIAL.

As editors we extend hearty greetings to all our readers, trusting they will praise the good and look with leniency on our faults. To our teachers and schoolmates, the hearty supporters of our work, we wish to express our sincere thanks and to present the Blue Stocking for 1902.



Skipperes Doleurs.

I.

Puella un jour dormivit très late,
Lorsqu'elle awoke, Castore! 't was eight!
Avec beaucoup de yawns elle vertit en lit,
Resoluta in mente thaet taub hēo sie.

II.

Adventa ad Chapel, Le Prête était là
Revertit her pedes ad class-room—mais sah
Magistrum auguste! avec aquilae eyen
Gab mädchen une look—comme culter la peine.

III.

Tintanabulum rang, pour marchant of course,
La fille très forlorn, to cacher remorse
For matin's triste luck,—thuht machen would she
Some fudge sur her gas-jet, et skip walking si.

IV.

Samedi matin,—a knock on the door,
A summons to Office—quinque horas the score.
This skipper of skipperum at last must submit.
Moral—My friend, skip once, and then QUIT.

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Ode to Miss Mary Julia Baldwin.

O stately Muse! from thy celestial place,
Who, in the ancient days,
Didst lend to mortals grace
To compass life with song: to praise
Deeds which o'ermaster fate,
Which make men great,
And sanctify the race!
To thee, in love with beauty, lo! we come!
Not to the tumult of the rolling drum,
Nor to the stirring music of the mart,
Nor to the ancient Orphic melody,
From high Olympus sprung,
But to the beating of the human heart,
Be this, our measure, sung.

O, woman with the crowned brow,
What chaplet shalt thou wear? Shall we
From our low earthly shrine,
Bring ivy, or the laurel-tree
For bough of thine?
For other laurels wearest thou
Than those we twine.

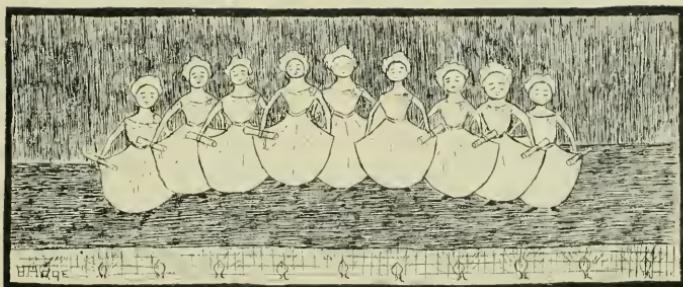
Star-life! The shadows gather round,
And we in semi-darkness bound,
Look for some ray
Which in the night's abyss profound
Foretells the day.
Thy life is as an augury
Of the divine,
Serene Christ-kingdom, which shall be
Bright with such stars as thine!

God comes—we know not when, nor how—
Nor what faint flush
Shall blush across the morning's brow—
What matin hush
Shall prelude the strange melody
Of angels' choral symphony.

We know not when: yet I am sure
That souls like thine
Bring with them that which shall endure,
And I divine
That the whole world, more tender, wise,
Catching the look in thy great eyes,
Draws near to God. We hear the fine,
Faint music of the chariot wheels
As we peer upward; who but feels
Through human, the divine?

I see her now! Prayer on her lips doth move:
Children are at her feet; she seems to rise
More womanly than woman, with the love
Which is her woman's glory, in her eyes,
And on her brow faith, like an aureole,
In the world's heart, held dearly as its soul:
Held tenderly, as any mother holds
Her year-old baby, white, with ruddy lips,
On which the first, sweet utterance trips:
Or as a wee bird, which the hand enfolds,
Grimy and small, that found it in the grass,
And trembling owns it, half afraid to pass,
And half afraid to hold so strange a thing,
Lest haply (world's delight!) the bird should sing!
Oh! as we treasure ringlets, ringlets which the
years
Have dulled, or letters full of tears,
So the world holds all reverently apart
The flower of perfect girlhood to its heart;
And with such care and beauty and delight,
She held the flower of girlhood on her breast;
She turned the face of girlhood to the light,
That so the sun might ripen fruitage blest,
And, by the growth of something wise and good,
Persuade the world of perfect womanhood.
As mute as yon bird, by the window-sill
(A golden roundelay, and all is still),
So ends her life's unbroken harmony
In stillness, and the rest for which men long;
So to her life shall death's pure radiance be
The dew of silence, in the flower of song.

VIRGINIA LUCAS.



Graduates.



Musician sweet, with eyes of blue,
Thou art a maiden, sage and true.

A pensive face, soft, dreamy eyes,
Wherein a world of romance lies.
Sweet Margarett, our studious friend,
May every joy thy path attend.

A truly winsome maiden,
Whose hair is golden brown:
You'd ne'er find a better student,
Though you searched throughout the town.

Musician fair,
We can but love her;
A poet rare
Who'll not discover.



Small and witty we see her,
When twice each week she calls
To sing in a deep contralto,
With ardor that never palls.

Of stature tall,
With mind not small,
A charming face,
A winning grace;
Gertrude we her call.

Dreaming—of course a musician,
Always greeted with great approbation;
To fame she lays another claim:
With the best ranks her composition.

Eyes as blue as the heavens,
And the voice of a bird has she,
And her name it is surely well given,
For some day a star she will be.

A maiden stately, tall, and fair,
With eyes of brown and browner hair,
None with this reader can compare.

Ruth is our elocutionist:
She moves us to laughter or tears;
And her talent in composition
Is far beyond her years.

Class Prophecy.

ROOM in the Supreme Court of Justice. Nine witnesses before the bar.
The judge on his bench.

Judge : " Margarett Kable, what have you made of your life ? Has it been a success or failure ? "

First witness : " Your Honor, I chose a literary life for my career years ago. To-day, I finished my latest book, and my name is connected with the largest publishing house in the country."

Judge : " It has been a success, then."

And the judge remembers the old M. B. S. days when Margarett of the soulful eyes wrote so diligently for the " Blue Stocking," and he hardly suppresses a smile to think that her Editor-in-Chiefship should have proved so important an experience.

" Helen Barnes, how fares the world with you ? "

Second witness : " I am one of the faculty at Vassar, being teacher of Greek and mathematics in that College."

Ah ! yes ; this tall, slender woman, with the Titian hair has succeeded indeed. A vision comes to the judge of Helen always going to class with her calculus and trigonometry problems solved. To-day she stands among the best mathematicians, and her name will in all probability go down to posterity with that of Archimedes.

Judge : " Celia Mason, what sort of life have you lived since 1902 ? "

Third witness : " Quite a versatile one, sir. First, I was a society butterfly until the life wearied me, then I feasted upon the world's natural beauties, and visited the places famed in history. After that I was a concert player ; in fact, I ranked with Paderewski, and was quite as popular—then, and then—I met—well, I'm married now. That's all."

And the judge laughed aloud, for he is a good-natured judge. He remembers this third witness way back in 1902, the most vivid picture being a small figure in a brown coat, her bright, animated face peeping out from under her blue hat, going the rounds after " ads."

Judge to fourth witness : " Evelyn Chase, give an account of yourself, since I last heard of you."

" Your Honor, as superintendent of an orphan asylum, I stand here to-day. I was always interested in little street Arabs, and have gathered them around me

from far and near. In our beautiful home, I teach them to be true men and women. This is my career."

Judge: "And a noble one it is." He looks into her sweet face and thinks of the days gone by when Evelyn was the comforter and sympathizer at M. B. S.

"What has happened to you, Louella Gilliam?"

Fifth witness: Sir, I am on a visit to my old home after an absence of several years in Germany, where, after studying under Germany's most renowned master, I have been teaching in a young ladies' seminary at Berlin. I shall pass through Staunton on my way home, as I am anxious to see once more dear Professor Eisenberg."

Judge: "Stella, has the world treated you fairly, and have the promises of youth been fulfilled?"

Sixth witness: "Since Patti's death, her mantle has fallen upon me, and the world has received me with open arms. My high 'C' captivates all hearts, and Nilsson and Melba turn green with envy at the mere mention of the world's new *prima donna*."

Judge: "Truly, you should feel satisfied." How well he recalls the Glee Club at M. B. S., when Stella led the chorus in—

"White and Yellow, float forever,
Colors bravest and the best," etc.

Seventh witness, coming forward with a quick, lively spring: "Let me tell my tale now, O judge. My life has been lived for the most part on the stage. I have been for a short time the vocalist in Sousa's band, thrilling all hearts with my voice, but I shall give up all this now, as some one has begged me to sing for him alone. This I shall do in the future."

Judge: "You have my sincere congratulations, Josie, and I am not surprised that you, with your gypsy ways, have enthralled one heart as you captivated all in that memorable role of 'Meg, the Gypsy.'"

"Jessie, what has been your lot since girlhood days? Has it fallen in pleasant places?"

Eighth witness: "I am the efficient teacher of vocal expression at our Alma Mater, your Honor. Have you never heard me recite since those days of old? Let me give you a specimen of my high dramatic powers," and catching up the judge's gavel she begins—

"Lift her up tenderly,
Handle with care,
Fashioned so slenderly," etc.

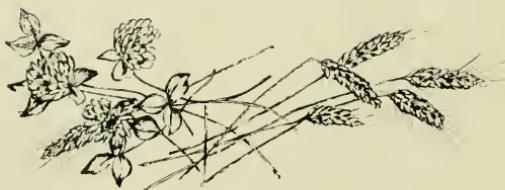
Judge: "Yes, I see M. B. S. has a treasure in having you as one of the faculty."

"Now Ruth, last, but by no means least, how wags the world with yon?"

Ninth witness: "Your Honor, after leaving the Seminary, I went West and lived with my father on a ranch, and was a true Western girl. Every day I rode my little broncho over the prairie, and had many exciting experiences. At full gallop, I rescued a man from being trampled to death by an infuriated herd of cattle, raced hundreds of miles to bring the tidings of the great prairie fire, and at last—ran away with a cowboy."

Judge: "Well done, ye worthy children of your Alma Mater. True have ye been to the White and Yellow; and now, farewell."

MABEL WHARTON LEFTWICH.



THE BREATH OF A VIOLET.

Tender and sweet are the thoughts—
That the brea'f of a violet brings—
Subtle, beguiling, and soft—
Memories of far-away things.

And I see her in beauty rare—
Her whom my heart loved best—
In her gown of shimmering white,
With the violets on her breast.

And again in the shadowed grove,
With the moonlight overhead,
The dreamy music is sighing
To me,—and my love, long dead.

Again I hear her voice,
And read in her wondrous eyes
The secret of her true love,
Though deep in their depths it lies.

And I kiss her again on her brow,
While low droop her lashes of jet.
Tis strange what a rapture thrills my soul
With the breath of a violet.

And she lays her white hand n mine,
While up from the sleeping vale,
In the gladdest of dulcet tones,
Comes the voice of the nightingale.

Then I stand with a breaking heart,
Alone on the wooded hill,
And I gaze on the violet-covered spot
Where my love is sleeping still.

But this fancy comes to me
And banishes vain regrets,
That you wait for me, darling, in paradise,
Alone with the violets.

MARIE CLARKE BRUNSON.

To Mr. Landes and Mr. Caldwell, who so kindly offered prizes for the best story and the best historical essay, and also to Mr. Lang, who offered a prize for the best pen-and-ink sketch for the Annual, the Library Society, in behalf of their magazine, extends hearty thanks, as well as to the judges who made the decisions.

The prize for the best story, "The Voice of Memnon," was awarded to Miss Celia M. Timberlake; that for the best historical essay, "The Snow King," to Miss Margaret H. Kable; that for the best pen-and-ink sketch to Miss Bessie Hoge.

The Voice of *Mennion*.

ALONG the narrow, crooked, and ill-paved streets of Cairo an American was wending his way. Ample means and a roving disposition had carried this particular American over the known and unknown world, and now weary of travel, he was waiting for friends who had gone up the Nile, and who, after this journey, would turn their faces homeward, taking our young traveler, Julian Marye, with them.

In these wanderings through the quaint old city he often let his eyes wander to the richly-latticed windows, hoping to catch a glimpse of that womanly beauty so completely hidden when the fair ones went abroad. On this particular day, as he approached a closed, secretive-looking house, the sound of a rich contralto voice singing a plaintive monody, came clearly to him. The shutter above opened, and for an instant he caught a glimpse of the singer, standing where the sunlight brought out her striking, tropical beauty. Her dark, Italian charms were enhanced by the simple white dress of an eastern devotee; but more striking than her beauty was the sad, unutterable loneliness that looked forth from her eyes, the expression of one who, suffering deeply, had despaired of ever finding relief. Involuntarily, Marye lifted his hat, and as he passed on, turned to look carefully at the building. Grim, gray walls rose to a medium height, broken here and there by long, narrow windows, that were well protected by lattice-work of quaint and ancient design. The wall on the street side was pierced by a single doorway, and this opening protected by so massive a door that when once shut from the inside, the would-be intruder might test his strength in vain. A strange thrill of pity for this seeming captive, and sympathy with her loneliness filled the soul of our traveler. Was he to give no answer to that mute appeal, and devise no plan to assist one whose very attitude appealed to his chivalry? Was this to be a mere episode in his Eastern experience, a mystery to haunt him with its possibilities? Were the voice and look to linger as a memory of what might have been? Marye thought not, and his heart beat more quickly as he resolved that, come what might, he would find the cause of the sadness in that young face, and if possible, render the help for which it seemed to appeal.

But what could he do? The house evidently belonged to the priests, and the admittance of strangers was absolutely denied. Bold, impossible feats flitted through his dreams that night, but morning found him no nearer their accomplishment. Again and again that day and many following he found excuse for

traversing that particular street, with varying success as to his main object. Sometimes he heard again the voice that had impressed itself upon his memory, and occasionally the singer was seen for a moment at the window, but usually nothing was visible, and no sound was heard except the twittering of the birds nesting in the carved ornaments of the windows. But, on one occasion, happening to look back, he saw the face at the lattice watching his every movement with eager interest. Returning the look of recognition, he bowed slightly, and went homeward with renewed hope. The next day, however, brought him a startling experience. Just as he was passing the window, a handkerchief fluttered from the lattice and fell at his feet. Quickly dropping his walking stick, he stooped to recover it, and at the same time secured the handkerchief; he hastened to his room to examine its message. In order to make it heavy enough to fall, there was tied in one corner a signet ring of beautiful and costly workmanship, with the initials L. S. on the inside; but on the handkerchief itself was written, "Help, in the name of heaven, before two more days."

Help in two days! What help could he give? What must he do? Putting the ring in his pocket, he started out to see what could be done, but was recalled by an urgent message of business that admitted no delay. Two days later he wandered down the familiar street, but in that short time a change had taken place. The house seemed grayer and more somber than ever, and no signs of life were visible. At this moment an old beggar approached and asked an alms. Marye hastily tossed her a piece of money, and was turning away, when she caught hold of him.

"One moment, master; take that in exchange," and she thrust a piece of paper into his hand. Opening it he read this message:

"A captive is about to be sacrificed. Help without delay or it will be too late. Little door on the west side, two hours after evening prayer." What did that mean? The beggar-woman had vanished. No help was available. Nothing remained but to while away those weary moments until the stated hour. A feverish excitement made the hours seem never so long, but at last the call of the priests warned him that the time was near. Carefully arming himself, he started on his unknown and perilous errand. Darkness had fallen, and only by the pale light of the moon was he able to find the small door referred to, so hidden was it by the shrubbery. Putting his shoulder carefully against it he pushed gently. Yes, it yielded; and shoving it open, he entered.

Silence as of the grave greeted him, and but for a dim light at the end of the long corridor, he would have been in darkness also. Even as he looked, a black-robed figure came from the upper end of the hall and disappeared through a doorway. Marye stealthily moved along the hall, afraid almost to breathe, so intense was the stillness. Reaching the half-open door, he looked inside. It was a large open room, dimly lighted with smoky lamps, while the flickering flames cast fantastic shadows over the walls and floor. At one end of the room stood an

altar, above and around which were hideous images of many gods. Before it knelt a figure, the hopelessness of whose pose reminded Marye of the object of his search. Quickly and quietly he moved to her side and was about to speak, when she turned, and the eyes of the girl seen at the window looked into his with an expression of hope and thanksgiving. Before she could speak, there was a slight movement behind them, and, turning quickly, they saw staring at them a priest whose face was distorted with rage. Marye felt for his pistol, but too late; a swift blow on the head felled him to the ground, and he saw no more.

When he came to himself, he found that he was in the courtyard of the ill-fated house. The first gray streaks of dawn were showing in the East, and the call to morning prayer was sounding from the mosque near-by. He wondered for a minute where he was; then last night's occurrences rushed upon him. He arose and looked around. Little was to be seen, however, and the bare courtyard looked dreary indeed. With difficulty he mounted the wall, and dropped into a narrow, back street, from which it was easy to make his way to the hotel. A day of enforced idleness followed, for his head ached too badly to venture out in the blazing sun, and it was near nightfall when he found himself on the familiar street. The house was absolutely deserted now. Every window was fast closed, and the wide door seemed more forbidding than ever. No signs of life appeared in any direction. Marye was at a loss what to do. Prudence and common sense demanded that he give up this visionary idea of rendering aid to an unknown woman, but pity for her condition, sympathy with her trouble, and, it must be confessed, a considerable interest in her personally made a stronger demand that something be done. He went to the various transportation companies to make inquiry concerning all passengers that had embarked; he asked the names and descriptions of all caravans, he looked up all traveling parties who had left Cairo that day; in short, he did everything—but in vain. The girl and all concerned seemed to have vanished as completely as if the gods of old had made them invisible.

Weary of Cairo, and unwilling to leave Egypt, he determined to abandon his purpose of rejoining his friends, who were due in a few days now, and take a trip to upper Egypt, still with a lingering hope that, at some time, he might find the lost unknown. Accordingly, he joined a small party of travelers, and started for Thebes. The journey was uneventful, and in a short time they reached their destination, prepared to stay for several days. Marye enjoyed wandering about the historic old city, and took long and frequent rambles outside, thinking, wondering, dreaming how he could find some clue to the mystery he was trying to solve. On one of these occasions, deep in thought, he went farther than usual, paying no attention to his surroundings, until aroused by that strange stillness and electric thrill which precede a storm. A violent sand-storm was sweeping down upon him, darkening the sky with its approach, and threatening death to everything exposed to its fury. It was too far to return to the city, and glancing

In a stilly for a place of refuge, he saw an old ruin; rushing thither he hid himself from the storm. The swish of the drifting sand, and the moaning wind soon lulled him to sleep. Waking, however, chilled and cramped, he crept out to find the storm over, and the stars looking down upon him. But even while he watched, the stars one by one disappeared, and the East grew red with the coming of Aurora. But hark! A song—rich, clear, and sweet—rose on the wings of the morning to greet the oncoming day—a song that mingled the glad joyousness of the skylark with the solemn, deep murmur of the sea—a song of melody, of welcome. It was the voice of Memnon, saluting his mother.

As the first notes of the song caught his ear, Marye started, and listened eagerly. Could he be mistaken? No, that voice had dwelt so constantly in his memory, that it was impossible for him not to recognize it. The woman he sought was a prisoner here. This was the sacrifice she had meant. She was kept here by designing, fanatical priests, that her sweet tones might furnish a voice to the far-famed Memnon. Rescue was impossible; there was no way of penetrating to the interior. But there must be. How did she come there? Marye examined, as so many others had done before, every detail of that wonderful statue, but to no purpose. He did not despair, however, but went back to Thebes to get provisions and tools for prosecuting his search for a passage to the interior. The ruins were the remains of an old pagan temple, which had long crumbled into decay, and his only chance of success lay in finding some underground passage thence to the statue.

All day he searched every nook and corner for some means of ingress, but his efforts were futile, and he was obliged to spend one more night among the ruins. In the morning he renewed his explorations, and this time with better success. In one far-off corner of the building under a heap of moss-covered stones that looked as if they had not been disturbed for ages, he found what seemed to be a natural stairway. Carefully making his way down, he reached a spacious, underground vault, perfectly bare, except for a huge stone on one side, which with great effort he succeeded in moving, and discovered a narrow passageway. Entering, he proceeded a short distance, when a sharp turn brought him into a large hall. Carefully feeling his way, he hid behind some rubbish, and waited for developments. Before long, three priests appeared in sight, chanting some strange jargon, and behind them was the "voice of Memnon." Marye watched carefully as they separated and went to different apartments, noticing particularly the one which the object of his search entered. Determined to lose no time, he wrote the following:

"I am waiting at the end of the passage, willing to use any means for your escape. Meet me if you can, as soon as possible." Then wrapping this about the signet ring, he waited for an opportunity to deliver it to her. As he expected, the whole party at evening set out for the place of their devotions, and Marye

took advantage of their departure to place the piece of paper in her room. Going back to his hiding-place, he watched the women return to their apartments.

Marye could hardly wait, so wildly impatient was he to learn the consequences, but no sign appeared, and he was obliged to be content with nothing. At last, when everything was quiet, the door opened gently, and Marye saw a shrouded figure glide swiftly toward his place of concealment. With her finger on her lips, she approached, and, giving him a letter, whispered :

"Take this, but do not stay—to-morrow night," and she went back as quickly as she had come.

Marye made his way back to the ruins, and impatiently opened the note :

"The note found on my table awakened fresh hope in a heart long given up to despair. Thank you for the efforts made in behalf of one unknown to you. The only child of an Italian nobleman, for sixteen years my life was bright and happy. No pains were spared for my education. My father decided to send me to South Italy for better training of my voice. There, one day, I was deceived and stolen by artful Egyptian priests. The rest you know. I am not closely watched, however, as there is no thought of rescue, and, after evening prayer, I am left to myself. If you come at that time to-morrow, I will escape with you.

Gratefully and hopefully,

LORETTA SANTINI."

The next night, two swift Arabian steeds were tied just beyond the ruins, while their owner once more made his toilsome way to the base of the statue. Anxiously he waited, in dread lest something might happen to thwart his plans. She was later than he expected. What if the priests suspected! But no! A figure clad in black came swiftly to him, and again he looked into those dark eyes, sorrowful no more, but filled with hope. Silently they made their way out to where the horses were tied, and mounting, had soon left the old ruins far behind.

CELIA MASON TIMBERLAKE.

The Snow King.

BEFORE the middle of the sixteenth century, Sweden had produced no distinctly great man; no genius, whether statesman, warrior, or ruler. But in the year 1594, as if to make amends for her former deficiency, she gave birth to Gustavus Adolphus, who combined in a remarkable degree the attributes of all three characters. Born at Stockholm, Gustavus Adolphus was the eldest son of Christian IX. of Sweden, and of Christina, formerly a princess of Schleswig-Holstein. He was educated with the greatest care, among his instructors being the celebrated John Skytte and the Count de la Gardie. The success with which their duty was performed was attested by the ability of their pupil to converse in four languages and he himself tells of the enjoyment he derived from reading Xenophon in the original. When a mere child he would spend his play-time in listening to stories of war and adventure, and showed so great an aptitude for arms that he became well skilled in their use. His education in politics was equally well superintended, for his father required him to reply, when only ten years old, in behalf of the crown. Thus the young prince was not unprepared to take the reins of government when at seventeen—two months after his father's death—he was elected "King and Hereditary Prince of the Swedes, Goths, and Vandals."

The regular law that provided for the assumption of royal power when the heir had attained the age of twenty-four years was disregarded, not only on account of the discretion and fitness of Gustavus for the position, but also because of the critical condition of the kingdom—this last reason inducing Gustavus to sacrifice his attachment for the Countess of Brahe. Some time after his accession the King married the daughter of the Elector of Brandenburg, thus forging a new link with the cause of Protestantism.

Gustavus and Richelieu, then prime minister of France, were the only two rulers of Europe who realized that since the present condition of affairs could not last, the inevitable struggle would resolve itself into a life-and-death conflict with the House of Hapsburg. Accordingly, when an alliance was formed between these two, the declared purpose was "the protection of their common friends, the security of the Baltic, the freedom of commerce, and the relief of the oppressed members of the Empire." Omens of coming disaster were interpreted by the astrologers and wise men, and surely Nature could never choose a more suitable time to show her disapproval of the bloodthirsty art of war than before the long struggle by which all Europe was to be convulsed for thirty years.

Some have blamed Gustavus for interfering in the defense of a nation and principle that did not directly concern him. But it was the "sacredness of a great cause" that lifted him above himself and the idea of mere personal or national gain, and gave him an enthusiasm in the defense of his principles that none of his allies possessed. In the Thirty Years War (1618-48) the "balance of power" as well as the supremacy of the House of Hapsburg was at stake, but to an equal degree was there involved the religious freedom of the vast German Empire. We who live in this age of civil and religious liberty can scarcely comprehend the intense bitterness existing between partisans of the two faiths, and the consequent depredations wrought—a devastation so severe that its effects are even now visible in certain parts of Germany.

Calling together representatives of the Three Estates, Gustavus explained his reasons for engaging in the war, saying, "I know I leave Sweden never to return; I must sacrifice my life for this cause." Then, bidding farewell to his native land, he took his infant daughter Christiana in his arms and made every man present swear allegiance to her.

During this period three first-rank leaders arose. On one side Wallenstein and Tilly, who were supporters of the Romish party; while Gustavus Adolphus stood the one solitary figure on the Protestant side, preëminent for his nobility of life, character, and purpose. Coming to the aid of the Protestant party when it was sorely pressed, he was but coldly welcomed by those whom he was attempting to aid. But after his alliance with Richelieu, the Protestant princes, becoming assured of the sincerity and disinterestedness of their deliverer, no longer hung back, but bravely rallied around him as the leading spirit of their cause. It was almost too late, however, for this hesitating policy led to a serious disaster, the fall of Magdeburg. This city had not yielded to the demands of Ferdinand of Bohemia, but was taken by Tilly after a severe siege, the Swedish King being unable to relieve it on account of the hindrance put in his way by the Electors of Brandenburg and Saxony.

The character of the Holy League was clearly shown by the atrocious cruelty with which its defenders treated the inhabitants of the conquered city. Nowhere in the pages of history is a record of more wanton destruction of human life—the great numbers of those who perished giving the Fall of Magdeburg a resemblance to that of Jerusalem. But though this was indeed the "darest tragedy of the war," it served to awaken the slumbering Protestant princes. The Elector of Saxony joined Gustavus, and the battle of Leipsic soon followed, in which Tilly's forces were defeated and he himself slain. At the death of Tilly the cause of the Imperialists seemed on the very brink of destruction. Only one man was capable of taking in charge the vast army of Ferdinand, but would he do it? Insulted and dismissed by the Catholic King on account of political quarrels and jealousies, Wallenstein had been involved in the politics of almost every nation of Europe—even offering his services to the Protestants, with the promise "to chase

the Emperor and the House of Austria over the Alps." His was indeed a strange nature, which, after so signal disgrace as that put upon him, could return once more to aid Ferdinand in the time of his sorest trial.

Gathering about him all the adventurers of Europe, Wallenstein met Gustavus Adolphus in Saxon at Lutzen. Here the greatest battle of the war was fought, November 16th, 1632. The Imperialists numbered 25,000, the Swedes 18,000; and the generals of both were eagerly awaiting an opportunity to begin the fight. Gustavus, in his preparations, refused to put on his whole armor, saying, "God is my breastplate," while along the lines was passed the watchword, "God with us." Then the Swedes were led in prayer by their commander, and Luther's hymn, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," was sung as they marched to meet the enemy. The conflict was fierce and long, and for nine hours the issue was doubtful. But the Swedes were not allowed to think of defeat. Richelieu says that Gustavus animated his men to the conflict with words that he had at command: "while Wallenstein, by his mere presence and the sternness of his silence, seemed to let his men understand that, as he had been wont to do, he would reward or chastise them according as they did well or ill on that great day." On gaining a slight advantage, the Swedish King took off his hat and returned thanks for the victory God was giving him, but on seeing his men hold back, he reproached them with the words, "Will you give up now, after surmounting so many difficulties? If you are afraid to fight, at least, turn your heads to see me die." At last, this invincible leader made a superb charge and broke through the ranks of the enemy, but his arm was injured in the attack—the bone even piercing through his sleeve. Turning to ask assistance from the Duke of Saxe-Altenburg, he was shot directly in the back by Falkenburg, lieutenant-colonel in the Imperial army, who at that moment galloped up. Gustavus was then left alone with a German page, who, while attempting to raise him, was accosted by three Austrians who demanded the name and rank of the wounded man. On refusing an answer, the faithful boy was shot down, but Gustavus replied, "I am the King of Sweden! And I seal this day with my blood the liberties and religion of the German nation." The officer who brought the news of the King's death to Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar suggested flight, but the answer came firmly, "We must not think of retreat, but only on vengeance now." Inspired with new courage by the Duke, the cries of his soldiers rang loud and clear, "We will follow you whither you will, even to the end of the earth." With a fearful impetus the Protestants rushed forward, resolved on death or victory, and towards night the Imperial forces were compelled to withdraw. The field was one of the most bloody ever known, but in the midst of all the carnage the victorious army camped that night. Stalhanske's Finlanders recovered the body of Gustavus, and it was laid in the village church at Meuchen. While the Lutheran service was read by the village schoolmaster, his followers, in full armor, sat upon their horses inside the building. But the flower of the

Protestant army had fallen with its leader, and there were only four hundred survivors of the Smaland regiment to follow the bier of their fallen chief to Wittenberg. Here he was buried, but in 1634 the mortal remains of Gustavus Adolphus, King of the Swedes, were laid to rest in the Riddarholm Church at Stockholm. Thus ended the career of the "Snow King," him who was called by his contemporaries, whether friends or foes, "the Lion of the North and the Bulwark of Protestantism."

"Those who look for spots on the sun, and find something reprehensible even in virtue itself, blame this King," says Cardinal Richelieu, "for having died like a trooper; but they do not reflect that all the conqueror-princes are obliged to do the duty not only of captain, but of simple soldier, and to be the first in peril in order to lead thereto the soldier who would not run the risk without them. It was the case with Cæsar and Alexander, and the Swede died so much the more gloriously than either the one or the other, in that it is more becoming the condition of a great captain and a conqueror to die sword in hand, making a trench for his body of his enemies on the field of battle, than to be hated by his own and poniarded by the hands of his nearest and dearest, or to die of poison, or of drowning in a wine-butt."

But though so much of the energy of Gustavus was expended in war, even for this his duties as a ruler were not neglected. He founded libraries, schools, and colleges; formulated codes of law; and improved the facilities for commerce and industries. "What Richelieu and Colbert did for France; what Burleigh did for England, Gustavus Adolphus did for Sweden."

It is a striking fact that the best generals have been those who were most careful of their soldiers' welfare. Immorality in the Swedish army was not tolerated, but punished with just severity, and all merit was sure to be rewarded. Gustavus created the custom of using uniforms, founded field hospitals, and devised traveling medicine-chests. His improvements in tactics have never been materially changed except by Frederick II. In place of the old Spanish system of *weight*, he introduced the new Swedish system of *mobility*.

But all the excellences of this hero as king, statesman, and general, sank into insignificance before the moral beauty of his character. "His urbanity, his gentleness, his modesty, his meekness, his simplicity, and his love won all hearts, and have never been exceeded except by Alfred the Great." He was a veritable Saint Louis on the throne, and a Marcus Aurelius on the field of battle. "It was not as a heathen Norseman that Gustavus Adolphus lived and died, but rather as a *Christian gentleman*."

MARGARETT HARTMAN KABLE.

MY LOVE'S ROSARY.

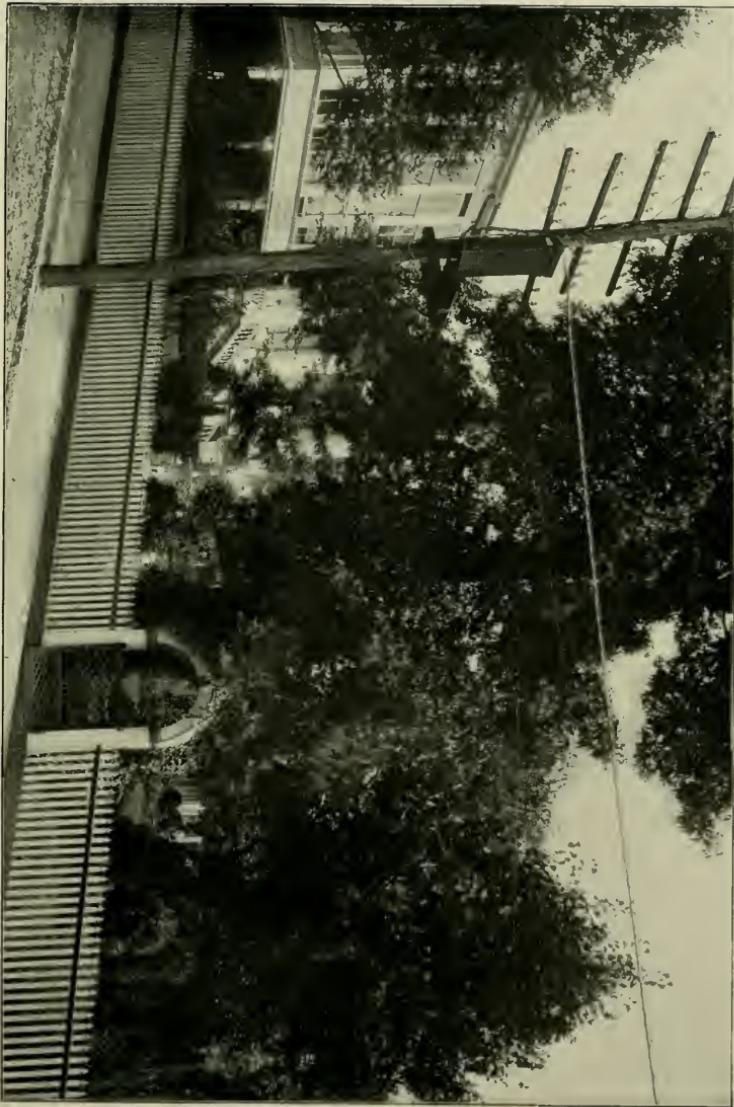
*Poor little string of beads all broken and soiled and worn,
Yet kissed and caressed by lips as sweet as odors from roses borne*

*Down by the murmur'ring brook, among the tall, dank reeds,
I found thee clasped in her cold, white hands, thou faithful string of beads.*

*Take from me all that thou wilt of fame for earthly deeds,
But leave me this lock of golden hair and this little string of beads.*

EVELYN HOUSTON CHASE.

NEW STREET ENTRANCE AND UPPER TERRACE





PRIZE SKETCH

Calendar.

- Sept. 5.—School begins. Promptness of "old girls" remarkable.
- Sept. 16.—Reception given to the new girls by the Y. W. C. A.
- Sept. 19.—The Tau Delta Sigma's reorganize.
- Sept. 23.—Kappa Delta Phi initiation.
- Sept. 25.—Firemen's Convention. Suffolk band serenades the girls. Lectures.
- Oct. 4.—Holiday! Two tally-ho parties.
- Oct. 10.—Miss Baker's wedding.
- Oct. 12.—Organization of the Delta Delta Sigma Sorority. Literary Society reception.
- Oct. 24.—The Staunton Rifles present "My Uncle from Japan."
- Oct. 29.—The Delta Sigma Phi's organize.
- Nov. 2—Miss Mealey gives a feast to the A. A. Club.
- Nov. 9.—Reorganization of the Literary Society. The A. A.'s give a feast
- Nov. 15.—The Delta Phi Epsilon Sorority hold their first meeting. Miss Strayer entertains the German Club.
- Nov. 23.—Ye lady Dorothy Manners and ye gentleman Richard Carvel give ye minuet "in ye gymnasium."
- Nov. 28.—The German Club gives a german.
- Dec. 20.—Holidays begin.
- Dec. 30—At work once more.
- Jan. 19.—The Kappa Delta Phi Sorority gives a "Farewell Feast" to Miss Nell Brockenbrough.
- Jan. 31.—Miss Leeb's Soirée. German given by German Club.
- Feb. 3.—Sleighing party.
- Feb. 7.—Concert given by Stonewall Band.
- Feb. 14.—Professor Hamer's Soirée.
- Feb. 20.—Miss Munger and Miss Teague give a spread. Great excitement prevails. Sequel.
- Feb. 22.—The Delta Sigma Phi banquet.
- Feb. 23.—The Virginia Glee Club entertains the girls by a number of sacred songs.
- Feb. 28.—Miss Hopkins's pupils in vocal music give an operetta.
- Mar. 7.—Piano recital given by Mr. Eisenberg's pupils.
- Mar. 8.—Circus in the "gym." Fortune-tellers, snake-charmers, living skeletons, fat women, clowns, and monkey, the order of the evening.
- Mar. 21.—Miss Frost's pupils in expression give an entertainment.
- Apr. 4.—The West Augusta Guard presents "Down in Dixie."
- May 24.—Baccalaureate Sermon.
- May 25.—Concert.
- May 27.—Closing exercises.

Life at M. B. S.

LIFE at M. B. S.!—what a broad subject for anybody even to dream of writing about! Really, a brief sketch of what we do here would fill volumes, and one must needs be a veritable Dr. Johnson to be able to describe in just the right terms the ups and downs of student life. What a kaleidoscopic vision of dances in the "gym.," coffees, concerts, soirées, hot rolls, lectures, letters, tears, and potato-chips, come rushing in upon me in the most bewildering fashion at the bare mention of it, to say nothing of lessons learned and unlearned. And I say in despair, "Where shall I begin?" Logicians would make me a sensible answer like "Begin at the beginning."

So the first thing we see is the Baldwin girl coming back fresh from the city or her "native wilds"; straggling back they come to the dear old Seminary—the new ones shy and apprehensive, the old ones saying how they "hate" to come back (but they don't mean a word of it), and scaring the poor frightened "greenies" out of their wits with all kinds of horrid tales. But pretty soon all come to realize that Baldwin's isn't the worst place this side of the moon, and that after all, we do have some jolly good times, in spite of all drawbacks.

In a few days the sororities get together and hold very important business meetings, which result in "rushes" and initiations; the clubs reorganize; and last but not least, lessons begin—and O! ye awful lessons! suggesting bluffs, flunks, and all such necessary evils. The girls are then fully launched, and tearful wails become less frequent as they become more used to the life, and to the more prolonged walks on the terrace.

Then a tally-ho party is suggested, and the girls fly away from the Seminary for a few hours, to come back saying they have had "the time of their lives."

Feasts are now the order of the day—feasts given in the parlors by the clubs and sororities, and private feasts given in the girls' rooms, where you declare you are having "such a grand time," in spite of the fact that your teeth are playing rag-time in mortal terror lest some teacher swoop down upon you.

And those dances in the "gym.," what fun they are! Almost like a real live dance, although one has to be contented with play-men. But the germans given by the German Club, to express it mildly, are "simply out of sight"; you are invited by a girl who leads, and after making an extensive toilet, with your arm around your escort, down the covered-way you rush, in the most undignified manner to the "gym." and then the german begins. Such figures! They are certainly too intricate for even the Master of the Dance to describe.

But of course this is all play, and no one can say that we don't have to work hard for our play. There are all kinds and descriptions of lessons, and tests galore, that keep one busy from morning till night, and some poor, overworked creatures rise at exactly six o'clock in the morning, but we who know them best are inclined to think 7:15 is nearer the correct time.

Every one is glad to see Saturday come, and we do hope Sunday as well, but human nature is as strong at Baldwin's as anywhere else, we fear, so to be truthful, we must disclose the fact that *some* girls are not so anxious to join the white or black-robed throng, but prefer to stay at home for all kinds of excuses; indeed, so many and varied are they, that we are inclined to think the teacher rather hard-hearted who wouldn't excuse them for their inventive powers alone.

But as all things have an end, so must this happy schoolgirl life at Baldwin's. Commencement time slips around quickly in spite of our counting the days—and even the minutes—till we shall be once more at home. We believe now, with all our hearts, that "parting is such sweet sorrow"—for though we leave our schoolmates, there is always a hope of seeing them again, coupled with the promise to "write just as soon as you get there."

Of course there are tears, but there are smiles as well, for grief is akin to gladness, and we are going *home*. Amid a flutter of white and yellow, and with a last good-bye, the train pulls out, and for the first time we realize that we are out of school forever.



The Martyrdom of an Empress.

SUCH is the title of a book given to the world shortly after the death of Elizabeth, Empress of Austria. From this book, written by a woman to whom the heart of the Empress was unburdened as to none other, and whose love for her sovereign amounted almost to idolatry, we learn much of the woman, and we understand that "The Martyrdom of an Empress" refers not only to her death, but also to a life which, though passed amid the pomp and splendor of a court, was saddened by her subjects' lack of confidence.

A childhood passed in an unpretentious Bavarian court did not tend to fit her for the life of an Empress. After sixteen years of freedom, spent in communing with nature, in drinking in its beauties, and in thus developing a love for the good, the true, and the beautiful, it is small wonder that when transplanted to Vienna, she learned to scorn the hollow emptiness of the life of the Viennese court. This was in the eyes of the world her chief fault, and to her dislike for show and publicity was due most of the unpopularity which fell to her lot.

Into the midst of her childhood's happy dream, which was, alas! all too short, there chanced to come "Prince Charming," in the person of his most august majesty, Franz Joseph, Emperor of Austria—come, so it seems, to celebrate his betrothal to his cousin, Elizabeth's eldest sister. One sight of his beautiful little cousin, however, seems to have caused him to change his mind, and against the wishes of her father and much to the disgust of His Majesty's mother, but amid the rejoicing of the people, shortly after, Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Prince Maximilian of Bavaria, became the wife of Franz Joseph, Emperor of Austria.

For a time all went well, but the royal mother, plotting to regain her full power over her son, threw into his way temptations by which she succeeded in turning his affections from his wife to another. It was then that the innocent child of nature came to realize what life really meant and to find that where she had expected joy, there was sorrow, and that the gold in her young life had turned to dross. Truly sad was the awakening, for one so young.

Years passed, and though her life was made brighter by the birth of a little son and daughter, yet the increased coldness of her husband and the intrigues of court life brought to her great sorrow. At length, fully roused by a new story of her husband's faithlessness, which, thanks to her mother-in-law reached her in an exaggerated form, she departed from the court, resolved never to return.

Repentant over his misdeeds—for his love for his wife was really genuine, and his conduct was due in great part to the life at that period and the tempta-

tions which his mother purposely put into his way,—the Emperor followed, endeavoring to effect a reconciliation. But he found that the child-wife, as he had hitherto supposed her, had become a woman, proud and passionate, refusing to be conciliated. For seven long years her pride ruled, and a wanderer on the face of the earth, she endeavored to fill her hungry soul with that nature which she loved, and with learning in various forms; but, in vain, and at the earnest solicitation of Emperor and people alike, she consented to return for her coronation as Queen of Hungary. Her life for many years after, although uneventful, seems to have been in her relations as wife and mother, quite happy. It was spent, for the most part, in the education of her children and in unselfish devotion to her husband, especially in times of trouble through which he was called to pass.

The one great happiness in the life of the Empress was the love of her only son, Rudolph, who, very much like her in disposition, shared her every emotion and thought, and for this reason proved to be her idol. The marriage of her son to the daughter of the King of Belgium, a thoroughly selfish and vain girl for whom he entertained no vestige of affection, was to the mother's heart a great sorrow, and from the first she predicted unhappiness. No one foresaw how soon the prophecy was to be verified. Goaded on by the reproaches of a wife inordinately fond of admiration, it was no wonder, when thrown into the society of a young and beautiful girl, then a reigning belle in Viennese circles, though not of noble birth, that his heart should have been touched by the fire of love. In the presence of this all-absorbing passion, thrones and crowns were of small account, and he resolved to forsake all. For the purpose of acquainting his father with his resolve, he requested an interview. What passed between them is unknown, but at the end, the son passed out with a face drawn and gray, while in the stern eyes were written defiance and despair. Shortly after there flashed over the wires the intelligence that the heir to the throne was dead, killed by his own hand. Mid profound sorrow and without display, was laid to rest the nation's one hope. In quietness and secrecy at the same time was consigned to the earth a plain black coffin, containing the beautiful form of the young heir's only love. This told the sad story. Both had died by their own hand, referring death to a life of separation.

It was then that the true character of the Empress stood forth in all its unselfishness, and her devotion to her husband, though her own heart was breaking, was beautiful: but surely and slowly this sorrow was crushing out her very life. This was the crowning sorrow of a life that had not been one of unalloyed happiness. Unselfish as she was, she tried to hide her grief from the world; but there was no mistaking the look of agony in the dark eyes, and the smile which had hitherto been so radiant, was that of a spirit chastened and well-nigh overwhelmed with sorrow. It needs not her confirming words, uttered just before her death, to tell one that her heart was dead. She was not one that, try as she

would, could always hide her breaking heart and with a smile enter into the world's gayeties. In the eyes of the people, this withdrawal from society was another of her faults.

Always charitable, she now in secret continually alleviated the distress of the poor, for whom she always had great sympathy ; and she also sought forgetfulness in travel. Thus passed nine years, at the end of which her health began to fail. It was, after traveling for her health, that for a few days she appeared at Geneva, where was committed the foul deed which astonished the world. Its villainy was enhanced by the fact that she was a woman. There is no need to linger on a scene so painful ; it is best to pass over the death of the gracious Empress, dying by an assassin's hand, away from home and husband. Thus, she closed her eyes upon a world which had not been too kind to her, leaving her husband, who had of late learned to depend entirely upon her,—a lonely, broken-hearted old man.

Too late her people found out her many deeds of charity ; too late they realized they had lost a friend ; and endeavoring to atone for the past, they heaped on her bier the flowers she had always loved. After she had passed beyond human ken, and had laid down her earthly crown for a crown with which alone there comes perfect peace, her sorrowing people, looking upon the quiet features, at last realized the unselfishness, nobility, and lofty purity of their Empress.

MARY EPPES ROBINSON.



The Baldwin Mirror.

"O wad some pow'r the giftie greeus
To see oursels as others see us!"

HER NAME IS WE C. A. L. HER TYPE SAYING IS AMUSEMENT IS	HER FAVORITE SAYING IS	SHE IS NOTED FOR	SHE IS ADOPTED OF	SHE WANTS TO BE	SHE PROPOSES	HER TRUE CHARACTER- ISTIC IS
Bess McCard.	"Quiz."	"Oh, Hack!"	Daring nothing.	Her avorith-pants.	An artist.	A school teacher.
Nell White.	"Nellie Dear."	"Hello!"	Telling about her boyfriends.	Thin people.	Her winning ways.	A holler.
Ruth Kittle.	"Kittle,"	"Go way back and sit down."	Her shang.	Kipling.	Her eloquent stammerer.	Her tongue.
Nina Naff.	"Little dog."	"Where's Joe?"	Using vogue language.	Her stylish Rosa.	Her millions.	Her size.
Mary Thig- mann.	"Hippie,"	"Isn't it fit of you?"	Reading yellow-backs.	Barbers.	Engaged.	A holler.
Margie, Mi- Fadlin.	"Texas,"	"Listen now."	Eating.	Her N. Y. styles.	The C. O. D. ness.	What she fixes her hair.
Joséphine Budd.	"Josie."	"Little Josie."	Entertaining.	Being a cute Josie.	Josie.	The way she fixes her hair.
Eleanor Mor- ris.	"Nonye."	"Shake your th' ears."	Working.	Fat people.	Herself.	Broken-heart ed.
Margarett Kable.	"Margaretha."	"I'm simply petrified."	FOR	Her brilliant Brown eyes.	Philosopher.	Snoring.
Celia Timber- lake.	"Billy Goat."	"Yon idiot!"	THIR	Her brilliancy.	Her frankness.	Principal of a hospital.
Lucy Brooke.	"Lucy."	"Much might he said on both sides."	ASS'NAL.	Miss Riddle.	Her sonful Intellect.	Admiratio n for Jose.
Mabel Left- wich.	"Spooks."	"Oh! I'd chaire."	FOR	Her brilliant Brown eyes.	"Her business editing now."	Admiratio n for Jose.
Mary Robert- son.	"M. rie."	"I'm going to stand."	recitations.	Her brilliancy.	Bright.	Wriggling out of scrapes.
Irene Strayer.	"Renie."	"I want to go home."	FOR	Her delivera- tion.	Her sagacity.	A sorid success.
Mary Harman.	"Mary."	"I are going to do it."	TALKING.	Miss Strick- jer.	Beautiful.	A "missionary."
Louise Carr.	"Isle."	"Golly."	Playing quarto.	Her room.	Too wise.	Her brains.
Nell Randel.	"Nell."	"Jimmy!"	Time.	Her thor- oughness.	Her brightness.	Her anima- tion.
Mary Kern.	"Merrie."	"By Jings!"	Jahlering.	Her talk.	Her bright eyes.	Married.
Elizabeth Dudley.	"Dudley."	"Pretty good."	Kiddiking.	Miss Hopkins.	Her gibness of tongue.	Her promi- nation.
Mari- Brunson.	"Mrie."	"Gims."	Visiting Eye.	Her handsome appearance.	Married.	Her cheek.
			Germany- complish- ment.	Prof. Eisen- berg.	A Westmor- gan girl.	The pride of San Fran- cisco.
				Boys.	Her ready wit Amat'.	A chapteron.
					Her sweet dis- position.	Her gift of gab.
					A cook.	Her nose.
					A milliner.	Love of jokes.

The Obstinacy of a Fountain Pen.

HAD decided to ask Lillian to be my wife, and as I was rather a bashful young man, and as her father was a very formidable old gent, I decided to make my proposal by letter. My new fountain pen is just the thing, I thought; no scratching, and dipping, as with common pens; my thoughts can flow as freely as the ink. I took my pen in hand, and all went smoothly for the space of five happy minutes, when a veritable freshet occurred, and I found myself on my knees wiping the floor with my best pocket-handkerchief.

"'T was just a little too rough,'" I said, ruefully, "but here goes for another try." It takes more than one fountain pen to drown me. I should have said "drown me."

Again I began to write in a very respectful and gingerly way, but the fountain had ceased to flow, and I sucked it meditatively after the manner of ordinary pens. Ye gods and little fishes! shall I ever forget the resentment of that fountain pen? A deluge ensued that would have frightened Noah, and I hurled the fountain out of the window, and rushed for the water bucket.

"Nothing so small as a fountain pen shall stop William Stewart Culpeper!" I screamed, and in a few minutes I stood in the drawing-room of Lillian's home awaiting her with bated breath. The servant announced that she would be down in a minute.

I had been kept in suspense for half an hour, when suddenly she came in looking lovelier than ever. Before she had taken her seat, I launched forth into my proposal, whirling around on one foot as if my life depended on it. Taking courage at her silence, I turned, and looked at her. Shall I ever forget the expression of mingled amusement, and compassion on her face!

"Look at your mouth, Charlie!" she cried.

"How can I?" I faltered; but suddenly I beheld my reflection in the great hall mirror, and gasped:

"Oh Lillian, it—it was the fountain pen!"

And now she knows the whole story.

MARIE CLARKE BRUNSON.

? ? ? ? ? ?

Where shall we meet? By the budding white hawthorn,
Or down by the murmuring, tinkling brook,
Singing along in its flower-strewn path
Prolonged serenades in a lovers' nook?

When shall we meet? When the moon is brightest?
Shall we meet 'neath beams of the setting sun,
When Apollo leaps from his chariot golden,
Proclaiming his work is once more done?

How shall we meet? As friends or strangers?
As those who love, or never met?
Will your glance be angry, cold, or careless?
Or will it fervent love beget?

Why shall we meet? Why brought together?
Is my star or yours so kindly and true?
Or is it some web of the Three Fatal Sisters
That throughout our lives this moment we'll rue?

What shall we do if we should meet each other?
Shall I fall on my knees, and in stage-whisper say,
"Love, be mine own; without thee I perish!"
Shall I see your eyes twinkle, your lips frame a "nay"?

Who will you be that causes such anguish
That for you all my heart, aye, and soul deeply yearn?
Who, who will I be, so o'ercome by sly Cupid?
I man, young and simple—by experience he'll learn.

M. H. K.

Three Essays on Friendship.

A RECENT study of Addison suggested a comparison of his conception of friendship with that of writers of other ages. For this purpose, Bacon's Essay on Friendship and Emerson's paper on the same subject have been read. Taken together, the three are so much alike in their main points that, could the identity of each author disappear, they would form a single treatment of the subject.

Bacon dwells principally upon the "fruits" or advantages of friendship. Of these, the first is alone sufficient to render friendship desirable. A friend with whom every emotion may be shared, to whom every thought may be imparted, is the greatest blessing a man can have. Every man, who would ease the fullness of his heart needs an escape-valve. Without such a confidant, a man is surely a "cannibal of his own heart." Besides relieving the heart, this interchange of thoughts develops the intellect as well. We can not be sure of our ideas until we have expressed them in words, and for this there is no greater encouragement than a friendly listener. The practical wants a friend supplies are manifest. As an adviser in business transactions, as a counselor in private affairs, the value of a sincere friend can scarcely be overestimated.

To realize these fruits of friendship, it is needless to say that the friends must be possessed of certain qualities. An ideal character for a friend has been drawn by Addison. A man who will not desert an old friend easily, who can keep entrusted secrets, who counsels not for his own interest, who is forgiving and gentle—such a one as a friend is indeed of "invaluable excellence" and may well be called "the medicine of life." With these characteristics, there should exist an "evenness" of temper and behavior. In certain moods, some men make the most agreeable friends; in others, their companionship is most unpleasant. Hence, without this ever-present amiability, a germ of hate may enter every friendship.

And now we come to Emerson, whose conception of friendship is so lofty, whose view is so broad, that he more than includes the substance of Bacon's and Addison's essays. To him the law of friendship seems one with the laws of nature and of morals. A thing to be sought reverently and to be cherished carefully, friendship appears—the "slowest fruit in God's garden," in pursuit of which men must needs put forth their best efforts. Somewhere in every one's world is a friend; let him be found, and life is many times dearer. Every grief is divided and every joy multiplied. To make such friends, a man must be him-

self ; his nature must not be concealed under "garments of dissimulation," or even courtesy, carried to too great an excess. This is the element of truth in friendship. The other element is tenderness, or love—love for the character, not for the talents or position of a man. When truth and love are the moving forces, then and only then, does perfect friendship become possible.

The points of similarity in the ideal friend of the three essayists are numerous. Virtue and even temper, tact, and a certain degree of responsiveness are made prominent features by all. Likewise their ideal friendship requires equality in age and fortune, lack of all hypocrisy, the overthrow of apathy and reserve, and finally, that "rare mean of likeness and unlikeness that piques each friend with the presence of power in the other." Again, all agree that true friendship is not that of a crowd, but of two friends who meet each other's needs in such a way that they are necessary to each other's happiness.

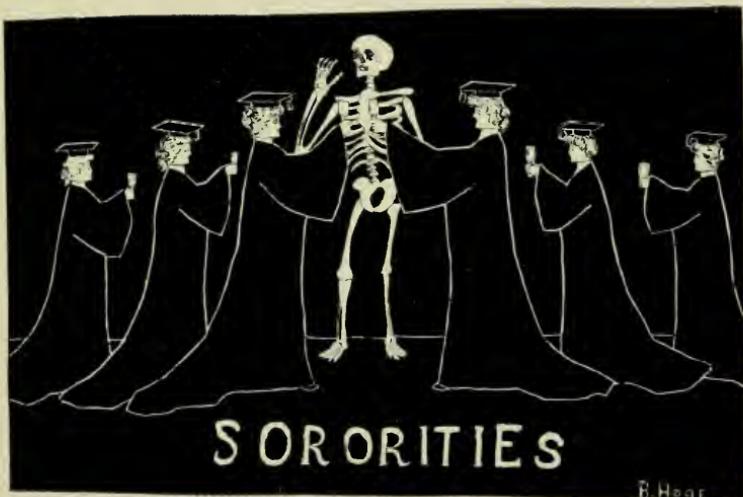
In conclusion, does it not seem as if these three essays were written for one another? The first (Bacon's) shows us the results of friendship; the second (Addison's), the ideal friend; and the third (Emerson's), the ideal friendship. Having read the three, few there are who would not agree with Emerson, "A friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature."

MARY HARMAN.



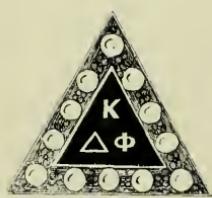
UPPER LAWN, BETWEEN HILL-TOP AND SKY-HIGH





SORORITIES

B. Heger



Kappa Delta Phi.

COLORS:

Black and Gold

FLOWER:

Black-eyed Susan

Well,

Kai yi, Kai yi !

Kip gosh tie !

Kappa Delta, Kappa Delta!

Kappa Delta Phi !

Members.

1 LOUISE BELLAMY	Wilmington, North Carolina
2 NELL BROCKENBROUGH	Lexington, Virginia
3 JOSEPHINE BUDD	Petersburg, Virginia
4 EVELYN CHASE	Waynesboro, Virginia
5 MARIE KELLER	Charlottesville, Virginia
6 MARY KERN	St. Louis, Missouri
7 ELEANOR MORRIS	Dover, Delaware
8 ANN BELL PATTESON	Petersburg, Virginia
9 ESTELINE PAXTON	Indian Rock, Virginia
10 EDITH SEYMOUR	Richmond, Virginia
11 ALBERTIS WILKINS*	Helena, Arkansas

*Died March 23, 1902.



KAPPA DELTA PHI.



Tau Delta Sigma.

1 HENRIETTA LAURA BOYD	Georgia
2 CLARA LOUISE CARR	North Carolina
3 MARIAN AGNES LINDSEY	Virginia
4 LOUISE PRESCOTT MEALEY	Minnesota
5 HELEN MARR SCOTT	Mary and
6 ALEDA TENNEY	South Carolina
7 NELLIE WARREN WHITE	Georgia
8 CECILIA WOODS	Georgia

Absent Members.

LAURA REBEKAH BOYD	Georgia
DORA ELLA NORTHINGTON	Alabama
MARY STAMPS ROYSTER	Virginia
FANNIE WEBB ROYSTER	Virginia

MOTTO: Edite, bibite et gandete.

COLORS: Crimson and Black.

FLOWER: Jacqueminot Rose.

STONE: Diamond.

Deals.

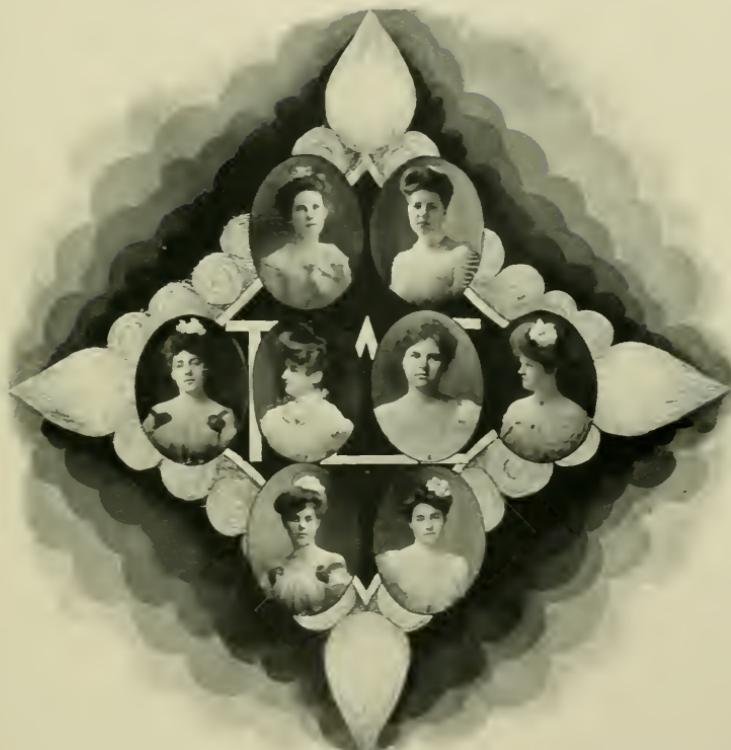
Zip-boom-ah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Red and Black!
Whickety-Whack
Who are we?
Don't you see?
Rickety Rigma
Tau Delta Sigma!

Red and Black!
What do we lack?
We're all in it
Every minute!
We're no mess,
Will I guess—
The T Δ Σ

Song.

We are the eight
Who are doomed by fate
To rule at the M. B. S.
There are others we know,
But they stand no show!
Give three cheers for the T Δ Σ!

Our colors we fly
Till they're up sky-high:
We're one and all good fellows;
So clear the track
For the red and black,
The Tau Delta Sigma's are coming.



TAU DELTA SIGMA



Delta Phi Epsilon.

FOUNDED 1899.

COLORS :

Royal Purple and Gold.

FLOWER :

Maréchal Neil Rose.

Members.

¹ WILLIAM TEAGUE	Texas
² NELLIE ABERCROMBIE COCHRAN	New York
³ KATHLEEN CRAIG PHILLIPS	Florida
⁴ ROSA MUNGER	Alabama
⁵ RUTH MORGAN KITTLE	West Virginia



DELTA PHI EPSILON.



Delta Sigma Phi.

Alpha Chapter.

COLORS :

Red and White.

FLOWER :

Red and White Carnation.

yell.

Boom-a-lacker !
Boom-a-lacker !
Bow-wow-wow !
Ching-a-lacker !
Ching-a-lacker !
Boom-a-lacker !
Ching-a-lacker !
Rye-rye-rye !

Delta Sigma ! Delta Sigma ! Delta Sigma Phi !

Members.

1 MAGGIE JAMES MCFADDIN	Texas
2 MARGARET B. STEPHENSON	Virginia
3 MARIE C. BRUNSON	South Carolina
4 JANET C. STEPHENSON	Virginia
5 MIMI A. BORCHEIS	Virginia
6 LILIAN B. PARKS	Washington, D. C.
7 NELL L. RAUCH	California
8 PHOEBE JONES	Virginia



DELTA SIGMA PHI.



Alpha Delta Sigma.

MOTTO:

χρῶθε σεωντον

COLORS : Green and White.

FLOWER : Bride's Rose.

Song.

The Alpha Delta Sigma is the frat, we all adore;
The girls have loved her always; we will love her evermore.
Then long may she flourish in her future bright career!
She has taught us many a lesson, she has shown us noblest cheer;
She's done for us, we'll do for her, and in the passing year
She *shall* go marching on.

Long live Alpha Delta Sigma,
Long live Alpha Delta Sigma,
Long live Alpha Delta Sigma,
For she *shall* go marching on.

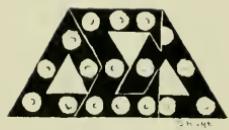
Dell.

Boomer lacka, boomer lacka !
Sis-boom-bar !
Alpha Delta Sigma,
Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

MARY ARMSTRONG	New Jersey
LILLIAN FINNEY	Texas
MARY LEWIS	North Carolina
BESSIE ROUNTREE	Virginia
IRENE STRAYER	Virginia
ELIZABETH SPEAR	Pennsylvania



ALPHA DELTA SIGMA.



Delta Delta Sigma.

Alpha Chapter.

COLORS :

The Blue and the Gray.

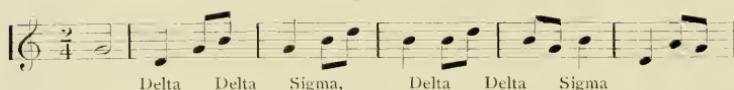
FLOWER :

Forget-me-not.

MOTTO :

It was to be, it is, and ever will be.

Hell.



Members.

EVA COCHRAN	Texas
MARY DEVER	Texas
JESSIE TREDWAY	Virginia
ETHELYND BONAFIELD	West Virginia
MARY WELLS	Texas
ELIZABETH DOOLEY	Indiana
BESS McCORD	Indiana
BERYL HUTTON	West Virginia
EVA ROUGH	Indiana
BESS WALCOTT	Texas
JESSIE FUNKHouser	Virginia
BERTHA SMITH	Indiana



DELTA DELTA SIGMA SOCIETY.



The Mary Baldwin Literary Society.

The society this year has been in a more flourishing condition than ever before. One of the first beneficent movements started was the adoption of a much-needed constitution. At present there is an enrollment of about fifty-six members. Lately for the benefit and pleasure of the society, readings have been given from Shakespeare's plays.



German Club.

Officers.

EDITH SEYMOUR President
LOUISE CARR Secretary and Treasurer

Members.

LOUISE BELLAMY	MARIAN LINDSEY
LAURA BOYD	LOUISE MEALEY
JOSEPHINE BUDD	ELEANOR MORRIS
EVELYN CHASE	LILLIAN PARKS
NELL COCHIRAN	ANN BELL PATTESON
PHOEBE JONES	IRENE STRAYER
MARY KERN	JANET STEPHENSON
MARY LEWIS	ALIDA TENNEY
CECILIA WOODS	

THE GERMAN CLUB.



A. A.

Frat of Frats.

Members.

LOUISE CARR, <i>T J S</i> , President.	ELEANOR MORRIS, <i>K J P</i> , Secretary.
<i>T J S</i>	<i>K J P</i>
LAURA BOYD	LOUISE BELLAMY
MARIAN LINDSAY	JOSEPHINE BUDD
LOUISE MEALEY	EVELYN CHASE
ALIDA TENNEY	MARY KERN
NELL WHITE	ANN BELL PATTESON
CECILIA WOODS	EDITH SEYMOUR

Honorary.

NELL BROCKENBROUGH, <i>K J P</i>	HELEN SCOTT, <i>T J S</i>
ESTELINE PAXTON, <i>K J P</i>	



A. A. CLUB.





C. O. D.

COLOR : Red.

FLOWER : Red Carnation.

Officers.

MAGGIE JAMES MCFADDIN President
NELL ABERCROMBIE COCHRAN Secretary and Treasurer

Members.

1 WILLAMAI TEAGUE	Texas
2 LILLIAN PARKS	Washington, D. C.
3 JANET STEPHENSON	Virginia
4 MAGGIE MCFADDIN	Texas
5 PHOEBE JONES	Virginia
6 ROSALIE MUNGER	Alabama
7 MIMI BORCHEIS	Virginia
8 MARGARET STEPHENSON	Virginia
9 NELL COCHRAN	New York
10 KATHLEEN PHILLIPS	Florida



C. O. D.





Texas Club.

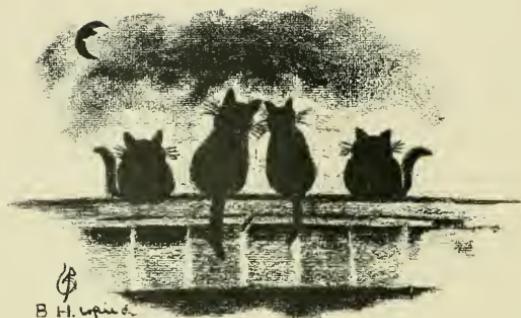
M.C. Brunson

Officers.

MAGGIE JAMES MCFADDIN	President
MARY WELLS	Secretary
WILLAMAI TEAGUE	Treasurer

Members.

LILLIAN FINNEY	ELIZABETH McCAMPBELL
MAUDE HEARD	SUSIE SHELTON
ELOISE RUGELEY	BESS WALCOTT
LOUISE GILBERT	MARY DEVER
CLAUDE COLEMAN	EVA COCHRAN
MARGUERITE COLEMAN	JEAN McCAMPBELL
DELLA BUTLER	NINA SMITH



Meow Club.

MOTTO : Two strokes and a dot.

COLOR : Tabby gray.

FLOWER : Pussy-Willow.

SONG : Oh ! Mr. Thomas Cat.

CLUB HOUSE : On the back fence.

JANITOR : B. W.

Dell.

We-ow ! We-ow !!

Cats.

LOUISE BELLAMY	President
JOSEPHINE BUDD	Vice-President
ANN BELL PATTESON	Secretary
ELEANOR MORRIS	Treasurer (?)



Owl Club.

FLOWER : Moon Flower.

COLOR : Grey and White.

PASSWORD : "Up All Night."

The Magical Man.

There was once a Magical Man,
You may guess his name if you can:
 But of this I am sure,
 He has treasures galore,
Has this wonderful Magical Man.

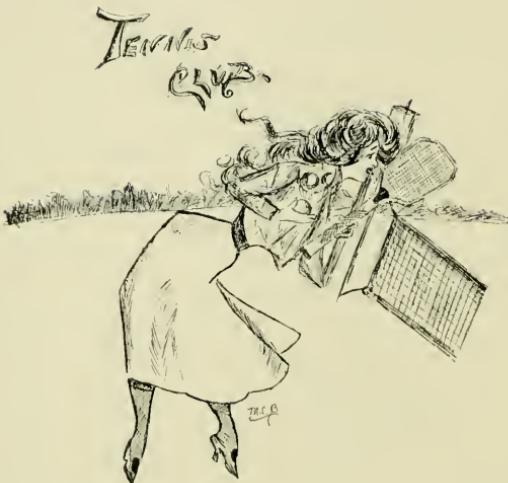
Whatever you want or just think,
You get it as quick as a wink;
 Oft in the moonlight he prowls,
 And he loves little Owls,
Does this wonderful Magical Man.

Now don't ever let it be said,
But the Owls cry, "To ho, Uncle Ned!"
 And it isn't so queer
 That they think him a dear,
This wonderful Magical Man.

LIL PARKS

MIMPS BORCHEIS

NELL RAUCH



LAURA BOYD Manager

LILLIAN PARKS

MARY KERN

LOUISE MEALEY

LOUISE CARR

KATHLEEN PHILLIPS

CECILIA WOODS

ALED A TENNEY

MIMI BORCHEIS

MARY ARMSTRONG

PHOEBE JONES

MAGGIE McFADDIN

BESS ROUNTREE

JOSIE BUDD

JANET STEPHENSON

NELL RAUCH

MARGARET STEPHENSON

ANN BELL PATTESON



Ball and Racquet Club.

BESS WALCOTT	Manager
EVA ROUGH	LULA WETHERELL
BESS McCORD	ELIZABETH DOOLEY
WILLAMAI TEAGUE	RUTH GIVENS
ESSIE BROWER	MARIE RAMSEY
ROSA MUNGER	MARY LEWIS
EVA COCHRAN	RUTH KITTLE
MARY DEVER	MARIE BRUNSON
NELL WHITE	



Golf Club.

COLORS : Golf Pink.

LOUISE CARR Manager

MARGARET STEPHENSON

ANN BELL PATTESON

WILLAMAI TEAGUE

ROSA MUNGER

MARY KERN

CECILIA WOODS

MAGGIE MCFADDIN

KATHLEEN PHILLIPS JOSEPHINE BUDD

LOUISE MEALEY

ALED A TENNEY

NELL RAUCH

NELL WHITE

MIMI BORCHEIS

LILLIAN PARKS

PHOEBE JONES

ELEANOR MORRIS

LAURA BOVD

LOUISE BELLAMY

MARION LINDSAY

RUTH KITTLE

JANET STEPHENSON

eva COCHRAN

MARY DEVER

MARY LEWIS

BESS WALCOTT

MAMIE GILLIS

MARIE BRUNSON

IRENE STRAYER

Officers of V. W. C. A.

MARY EPPES ROBERTSON	President
HELEN MARR SCOTT	Vice-president
LUCY PARKE BROOKE	Recording Secretary
IRENE GILLIAM	Corresponding Secretary
JANIE ALLISON WILLIAMS	Treasurer

Alumnae Association.

THE Alumnae Association will meet on Friday, May 23, 1902, in the Library, at half-past ten in the morning. Officers will be elected for 1902-1904, and it is hoped large additions will be made to the endowment fund of the Alumnae Scholarship. A day pupil, Miss Helen Opie, of Staunton, Va., has held the scholarship for two years, but an invested fund of four thousand dollars is what the Association intends to secure.

"The Record" may be obtained by non-members from Mrs. N. Hotchkiss McCullough for ten cents. This number contains in full the poems and address's made upon the unveiling of the Memorial Window to Miss Baldwin in 1901. A synopsis of the business meetings of 1899, 1900, and 1901 is given, and memorials of Mesdames Evie Swoope-Vanmeter, Flora Welch-Farmer, Mary Aldrich-Moore, Pattie McLeary-Burford, and Lottie Witherspoon-Bell. The editors are Mrs. McCullough, President of the M. B. S. A. A., and Misses Woods, McChesney, and Eichelberger. Besides these officers, there are thirty-two vice-presidents.

Contributions to the Scholarship will be gratefully received from all former Seminary girls, or as memorials of any deceased alumnae from their families or friends.

In Memoriam

DAISY MANN

BORN DECEMBER 5, 1880

DIED OCTOBER 14, 1901

Daisy Mann.

FOR the first time in many years "God's hand has beckoned" in the midst of us, and the call has been answered by our loved friend and classmate, Daisy Mann. We can not express the deep sorrow which fills the hearts of us all, nor can we separate her memory from the rooms, galleries, and walks where we were wont to see her.

"I find no place that does not breathe
Some gracious memory of my friend."

Her bright, lovable disposition had endeared her to teachers and classmates, while her quick mind and Christian character had won their respect. The generous spirit, which always rejoiced in the success of others—even to her own loss—and the obliging and cheerful manner which never failed her, were characteristic charms.

We shall indeed miss her dear face and voice among our graduates this year; but we know that from the completion of her course in this training-school below, the Master Musician has called her above

" * * * * to join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

In Loving Memory

of

Albertis Holte Wilkins

Died March 23, 1902

Kappa Delta Phi

In Memoriam.

Thy presence was such a gleam of joy
That only to see thy face,
It seemed we were pierced by a sunbeam's ray,
Or angel of heavenly grace.

Thy spirit on earth was continual song,
Pure as celestial fire;
It lingered not, but has sped afar
To join the angels' choir.

And since like a sunbeam faded, love,
The light of thy face is gone,
Our path is in shadow; we long for thee
With yearnings scarce to be borne.

But though no more we 'll hear thy song,
Dear as a farewell kiss,
Its echoes shall ring till in heaven we meet
Our beloved Albertis.

Albertis Holte Wilkins.

LITTLE did we think, when last we saw her and heard her talk in the bright, cheery way that was her peculiar charm, that no more would she be seen among us, that her days on earth were numbered. Little did we know that our good-bye would be the last until we should meet to part no more. For her the lessons of earth are over, the bright eyes are closed to open no more on earth, and she is gone—yes, she is gone; yet we feel her presence among us; we know that she is looking at us with angel eyes, as we walk along the well-trodden path, and that she is whispering, “Courage.”

The journey of life for her was short. She was like the sunbeam that, breaking suddenly from the storm-cloud, sheds its light on few, giving gladness and hope, but disappearing as quickly as it came, leaving those to whom it came in darkness, but yet in hope. Those who knew her best love to think of her as bright and happy, for thus she ever was; they can not imagine her cold in death, for she is not dead. Her body rests beneath the turf, yet her spirit is living still and is rejoicing as she always rejoiced on earth. For us she still lives; if we listen we can hear her voice, and we say in sadness, yet with resignation, “Lord, thy will be done.”

SOROR.

In Memoriam

DAVID A. KAYSER

DIED NOVEMBER 23, 1901

J. MASON MILLER

DIED NOVEMBER 27, 1901

The Great Unknown.

The summer was fair and the twilight was sweet,
But my spirit was weary and lone,
And I stood by the river with trembling feet,
And longed for the great unknown.

Ah! what was the life I left behind;
That wearisome round of care;
And who would not sever all earthly ties
For the kingdom beyond compare?

Ah! the river of death may be cold and wide,
But think of the joys on the other side!

I took my place in a golden craft,
And grasping its crystal oar,
I ferried my way o'er the waters cold,
In search of the distant shore.

I drifted away to unknown land,
In the shimmering sunset light;
Like forests of snow upon every hand
Stood the lilies in robes of white.

And a bird poured a song from his golden throat
That rang through the ages to lands remote.

The sad willow-trees trailed their drooping boughs
Near the edge of the amber stream,
And across the west from the rainbow's breast
Rose a mystical crimson gleam.

Oh, the glorious sight of the long-lost forms,
At the welcoming golden gate!
And the voice of the King breathed this message of love
"Come, enter; no longer wait."

MARIE CLARKE BRUNSON.

The River's Bride.

“**M**Y boat is gliding slowly down the river. I am leaning back, gazing through the overhanging trees at the sky, which in its rosy glow seems as joyous as mine own heart. How still the evening is! The breeze seems to be holding its breath till daylight shall fade away. Everything is just as it has been each summer evening since I can remember; and how many of those evenings have I spent floating down this river. Dear old stream! How strange it will be to leave thee! Didst know, dear, that to-morrow I am to be married? Yes; can't see how gay the old house looks yonder on the hill? 'T is all full of flowers—of roses from my little garden, and of peach-blossoms from the orchard there. Yes, dear river, thou 'rt right; many wedding guests are come. Even old Aunt Mary is here, who never liked me to play with thee. Does she know how thou lovest me, dear?—But I've stolen away from them all to come and tell thee good-bye.

“I don't like to leave thee, dear. Thou knowest we've always been friends, thou and I. Surely thou hast not forgotten the naughty little girl who was always frightening her old mammy by running to the water. And thou dost remember how happy we both were the day father gave us ‘Dolly Gray.’ Yes, river dear, she's always been a jolly little boat.

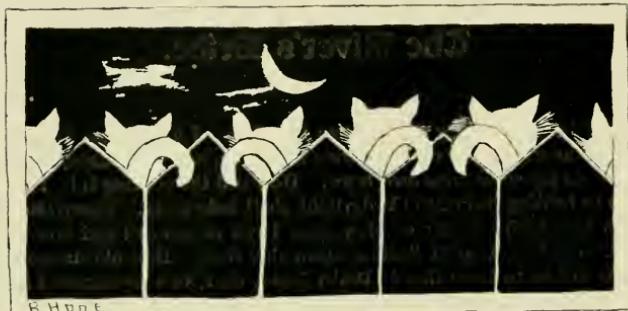
“Don't run away from me, love. Thou wouldst not have me leave thee? Well, dear old mumbler, I am sure I would like to float on forever. But where wouldst thou take me, dear? Far away, I fear, from every one who loves me; so I can not come with thee. I'll promise, though, to spend the first fifty years of eternity floating through space with thee. Thy stream will be golden then, love, and thy lilies will be silver. ‘Dolly Gray’ will be mother-of-pearl, and I shall be beautiful as a dream.

“But now, good-bye, dear. Thou shalt give thy little girl a lily to wear to-morrow. That one there is quite beautiful enough for a bride. The water is so deep just here that I fear I can not pluck it. I very nearly had it then. Wait, river dear, until I get it, or I may lose my balance. There, I have it almost. Oh, mercy! I've leaned out too far! Help! help! Richard, I am sinking again! Oh, father! Will no one save me? You vile, treacherous river! Richard my love. Help! I'm drowning—.”

And the river flowed on, murmuring, “Mine, mine at last.”

MARY HARMAN.

[Founded on facts. The incident occurred on the Mohawk, N. Y.]



To B. W.

Blest Cat.

May the Muses Nine inspire me
And full justice to thee do,
To thy glossy coat so silken,
And thine eyes of emerald hue :
To thy grand, majestic manner
And thy *cauda* curling high,—
O, the greatness of my subject
Me o'ercomes, and crushes nigh.
Many years at classic Baldwin's
Thou hast prowled both far and near,
And all the tribe of rodent people
Long since died from very fear.
In regard to human beings
Thou dost take a different view,
Governed by their various actions
Which within thy sight they do.
O, thou worshipful old Stoic,
Thou dost pass the gay ones by,
Thinking they should quit their rashness,
Turn their minds to things on high.
The wretched, weeping, homesick maidens—
Their wailing thou dost pity, too;
All thy soul goes out in sorrow
In that sad and mournful " Me-e-ew,"
But life to thee, I've *heard*. B. W.,
Is not *all* rats and mice and that ;
It has its sorrows (you remember?)
When Miss Streit cries, "Get out! Scat!"

The Curtailing of B. W.

EVERY ONE at Baldwin's knows B. W., and every one declares that Baldwin's without B. W. would be like Hamlet with Hamlet left out; so we feel that he should have his little corner in our Annual.

And who is B. W.? B. W. is a very distinguished-looking cat that has lived in the Seminary for years. To all cat lovers he is beautiful, with his gray, silken coat and bright, emerald eyes; and his whiskers,—you could write a sonnet on them! And to sum up his charms, thereby hangs a tail—the loveliest curly tail. He doesn't have to do it up in curl-papers, either.

Sad to relate, all on a sunshine day, as it befell, a dog—a visitor in the town—who had heard all his life of the famous Mary Baldwin Seminary, seeing the side gate standing invitingly open, naturally impelled by curiosity, quickly availed himself of the opportunity and strolled in.

The first thing that met his admiring eye was a magnificent specimen of the feline genus, comfortably reposing on the window-sill. Now it happened that our visitor had a weak spot in his heart for cats, so he immediately presented himself to B. W. But B. W., concluding that the list of his acquaintances was extensive enough, quickly retired up-stairs and took up his position in the hall window, determined to maintain his point of view. But the intruder, not at all abashed, reached the scene of action almost as soon as B. W., for they went tearing up the steps at such a rate that they quickly drew about them a host of teachers and girls, all "rooters" for their darling B. W. As for B. W., a change came o'er the spirit of his dream; each particular hair stood on end, and his green eyes blazed with ire, while his back underwent a spasm of spinal curvature. As for Mr. Dog, he had worked himself into such a pitch of excitement that he was fairly foaming with fury. A few minutes of terrible suspense followed, during which each heart beat a tattoo, and then—oh, horror of horrors!—the dog made a spring for the window. But B. W. was too quick for him. He made a tremendous leap, and all felt sure that he would soon be safe in the protecting arms of an elm; but—oh, fateful *catastrophe!* Miserabile dictu!—that heinous canine had a fiendish gleam of satisfaction in his eye, for there right before our very faces he triumphantly bore a waving trophy,—the grand, aristocratic caudal appendage of poor B. W. Alas! no more will it adorn his comely form. His glory is departed. Only a little apology is left to tell the tail.

Of the *cur-tailing* of B. W., this memoir is the only record now existing to point a moral or adorn a tail.

A. B. C.'s.

(At A. B. S.)

A is for Ann Bell, a maid quite demure,
Who thought for all ailments dancing the cure.

B is small Bess with form like a fairy,
And ne'er was a maiden more jolly and merry.

C for Cecile, Baldwin's great flirt;
Of actions so coy, of bright red her skirt.

D is old Dooley, with a kodak at ease;
"Your beauty is warranted; 50 cents, please."

E is one Edith, of critics the chief;
That she's often quite fair is our earnest belief.

F is for Funkhouser. Whew! what a name!
I'd rather that mine should be Putaman Tame.

G is for Gertrude, the maiden obscure,
Who grammar and history can not endure.

H is for Harman, whose masculine walk
Is only out-run by her very swift talk.

"**I**" speaks Irene, "have played a quartet,
All by my lonesome: 'twas gorgeous, you bet!"

J "Little Josie" you see must stand for our J.,
And she's awfully cute in her own little way.

K is for Kern and "King of the Klowns,"
And if you should squelch her, she quickly rebounds.

L for Louise, who's wild in her head,
And, on the Q. T., 'tis a beautiful red.

M is Marie, our great prima donna,
Destined to shine as a Melba, with honor.

N is fair Nina, who is stuck on the Rose;
May be stuck by the thorn any moment—who knows?

O please excuse me, no girl of this name
Can be found here to enter this temple of fame.

P is Miss Phoebe, Suffolk's great belle,
Who is not only pretty, but awfully swell.

Q is for Questions, our teachers' great forte,
And when we slip up, they think, "Oh, what sport!"

R is for Reine, the French would say "Queen
Of Hearts," we suppose; but what can it mean?

S stands for Stella, so versatile she,
Her specialties, banjoes and bows, she tells me.

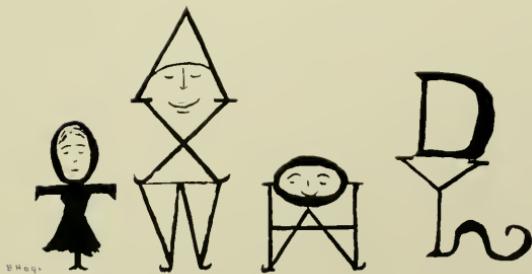
T is for Teague, and from Texas she hails,
And when in soirées her voice never fails.

U is no use in this long list of girls,
Unless we select from the last "Corks and Curls."

V for Vermelle, eyes like a gazelle,
A timid young miss who behaves very well.

W is Williams. She said, "What a mess,
That I should be head of the M. B. L. S."

X Y Z in "Math" we have seen quite a few,
But, friends, time is up; we bid you "adieu."



!!CIRCUS!!

CIRCUS! **CIRCUS!**
IN THE
GYMNASIUM
ON
SATURDAY NIGHT
THERE WILL BE A
CIRCUS
NOT SURPASSED BY ANY ON THE ROAD.

EIGHTY LAUGHS IN EIGHTY MINUTES.
Come and View the Mysteries
Fate Has in Store for You.

ALGER G. FIELDS' **FAMOUS MINSTRELS**

Will give some of their
SIDE-SPLITTING SPECIALTIES.
You can't afford to miss them

**CANDY, POP-CORN, AND PINK
LEMONADE.**

!!!! COME !!!!

SUCH was the announcement that greeted our eyes one morning, and to us who obeyed the summons, the reality far exceeded the anticipation. The large room was gaily decorated with flags and bunting, and such a babble of voices as arose from the happy crowd was well-nigh deafening to those not accustomed to M. B. S. girls

The fat woman comes up, and with a low bow, offers to conduct you around the room. You decline with thanks, preferring to look leisurely at things by yourself. But this is not to be. You are startled by a voice at your side :

"This way, lady, to the fishing-pond. Only five cents. Every member of the funny tribe, from whales to minnows. Household articles and toys for the

children—Just one draw? Ah, there! now you have it." And, happy with a toy rolling-pin, you pass on.

The clown flings a jumping-jack in your face and, with a hideous grimace, rushes off to some other unwary mortal, while just at your right, a gypsy in picturesque attire offers to tell your fortune. Of course you consent, and learn that an unknown, rich relative is going to die and leave all his money to you, thus enabling the poor, though favored, suitor to have a chance.

"Lady, lady, try this medicine—positively guaranteed to make you thin and pale in the face! Absolutely harmless!" and, judging by the appearance of the human skeleton herself, we should not hesitate to buy, for she resembles nothing so much as one great, big, red pillow.

Now the ballet-dancers step forth, and gracefully engage in Terpsichore's art.

"Candy! Candy! Home-made! Perfectly fresh! Ah! thank you." But a placard strikes your eye :

SIDE-SHOW!

MADAM ZWISKY,

The World's
Greatest

SNAKE CHARMER,

with her
Menagerie of

Tame Serpents.

Come and See Her!!

Yes, there she is, performing miraculous, blood-curdling feats, but you have no time to lose. Already tickets for the minstrels are being sold, and you hasten to buy one.

In breathless suspense, you await the coming of those famous performers, and soon they march in. Then follow, in quick succession, cake-walks, songs, jokes, bag-pipe quartettes, and orchestras that would have put Händel to the blush.

How the time flies! Already they are tuning up their toothed instruments for a farewell piece, after which, in sorrow, you bid them a reluctant though grateful adieu.

THREE CHEERS FOR THE CIRCUS!



M. B. S. Hash.

ONCE upon a time a young Bell(e) Tred(a)way for Miles in the Woods, over Brookes and Hills with a volume of Browning's, Tilgh(a)man, Robert's-son, from the West, having heard of this Gibson girl approaching on a Campbell, found her Round(a)tree, and sang "Annie Laurie." She was scared White and thought him either a Fowler or a Rough high-Wayman; but he turned out to be a Butler roaming in the Parks, who had chased the Strayer for a price offered by the King. The pair intended to Walcott back to the Sem, but meeting a Smith selling Irons, the Butler concluded to send a Kable to bring a Carr to Carter back to M. B. S. He then gathered some Budds of sweet Williams and saying he would like to Seymour of her, bade her "farewell."

fabula.

I.

Two forms on the *banchibus*
Under the *arbor*,
Dark was the *nox*, for *tuna* was
gone.
Hugibus, kissibus,
Arma in arma
Ambulant—pater non fuit
home.

II.

Squeaks from the *gatibus*,
Amatores non hear it,
"Verb. sap." in this case *adqua-*
tum non est;
Pater sees *ess*,
And *rapit* his *canum*;
Then *juvenis homo* with *ira*
'is chased.

"T was in the solemn dead of night;
I had an awful, awful fright.
Methought I heard a dreadful sound,
That caused my very heart to bound—
An awful noise that seem'd 'twas like
A monstrous engine up the pike.
"Ye gods!" I cried, and clutched my hair,
Plunged in a fit of wild despair!—
'T was only Mary snoring.

Sketches.



Brightest } NELL WHITE
Most Popular }
"Embarras de richesse."



Most Attractive NELL COCHRAN
Her magnetic powers were ne'er excelled from "Greenland's
icy mountains to India's coral strands."



Most Stylish LOUISE BELLAMY
"The glass of fashion and the mould of form."



Handsomest LOUISE CARR
"Stately and tall she moves in the hall."



Best Musician NELL RAUCH
"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."



Best Student IRENE GILLIAM
"For she would leifer have at her bed's head
Twenty books, y-clad in black and red
Than robes riche."

Prettiest PHOEBE JONES

"Pretty is that pretty does."

Cutest CLAUDE COLEMAN

"She is a winsome wee thing."

Best Dancer ANN BELL PATTESON

"Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe."



Song of the Jabberwock.

'T is sunrise, and the moon is set
Behind the glowing poplar trees;
Your pipe is lifted from your mouth
By some kind, gentle little breeze.

The sparrow sings the livelong day,
While crimson dandelions blow,
And often through the milky whey
Flows many a flake of inky snow.

The apples hang upon the oak,
The squirrels swim upon the lake,
And gently underneath my nose
A cannon doth the stillness break.

Ah, love! it is a perfect day,
A rich and racy day in June;
Come, listen to my whispering ear,
And view the purple blushing sun.

MARIE CLARKE BRUNSON.

Blue Monday.

The infirmary was popular this blue Monday morn,
When the students came over so sick and forlorn.

Dreary the day and full of gloom—
But Eleanor's two-lips were in full bloom.

And then little Bessie was in the dumps
Because she had those horrid mumps.

And Mimi's tooth caused a swell affair,
So she and Bessie made quite a pair.

And Mary declared she was almost dead
With that dreadful, awful cold in her head.

And one came over whose throat was sore :
This fair young lady was Edith Seymour.

And now comes Louise C., last but not least;
She would have been better had her cold only ceased.

And the lady in white? Oh! she 's all right!
She comforts the girls in their every plight.

And there were many others with ailments not few,
And this we can't doubt, for maybe 't is true.

Their faces were worn, their books left forlorn,
And all of this happened on blue Monday morn.

The Sky=High Angels.

CO some persons the love of notoriety is almost second nature ; indeed, there are few of us who would not stoutly resent the cruel workings of a fate that should compel us to waste what we are pleased to call our "sweetness on the desert air." The best of us are human enough to love admiration, and in a measure to court it, and although we must consider the "Sky-High girls" as perfect angels, yet they too, judging by their actions, must be impelled by a desire for greatness. And from the way matters stand now they are without a doubt on the high-road to fame. Now, these certain actions are what the girls would term "awfully cute," but oh, how the dear children do worry the teacher ! What do they do ? My dear friends, you have asked me a question that is harder to answer than one of the riddles of the sphinx. They have done almost everything that is in any way ridiculous, from "midnight feasts" down to "mock marriages." She who lives in the vicinity of these charming maidens may consider herself most happy to escape with treatment so pleasant as a slight ducking, or the loss of a "rat." Woe betide those unfortunates who are so unlucky as to break any of the rules by which Sky-High is governed. The first and most important of these is the simple one, "I on't be prissy." This is very hard for the girls to follow, for being angels, they can't help being angelic. But, friends, when you take up your residence in this "heaven on earth" don't be surprised if you should awake some morning and find that your suitor's picture, which you have taken particular pains to put in the place of honor on your dresser, has most mysteriously disappeared. The only image of that loved one left you now is the indelible impression which he made upon your heart, and with that you must be satisfied.

In passing through this residence of the Baldwin angels, we see written up over the door of one room, "He who enters here leaves hope behind"; another is decorated with a fearful black splotch, which on close examination is found to be a skull and cross-bones grinning significantly at you; while still another bears the inscription, "Come in, if you're good-looking ; if you're not, stay out." The girls who live in the room are remarkable for the amount of company they have. Very formidable signs they are indeed, but only put there to scare away the rats that seek entrance, so don't let them worry you ; for, in truth, these

Sky-High girls are very hospitable and will urge you to join the fun, if you happen up there some night after "Study Hall." Sometime the excitement will be a sham-battle, in which golf-sticks, rats, shoes, and other like weapons will figure prominently. Or it will be the making of a "dummy" out of broomsticks, old shoes, newspapers, and a slouch hat. And what cute ones they do conjure up at times, meant to represent, I suppose, the long-lost "Jack," to whom the teacher on the hall does not take so kindly. The girls here, too, have a peculiar affection for alarm-clocks—an important factor in Baldwin's life—but alas! an alarm clock no longer decorates the shelf of many of the girls' rooms, and naturally the young ladies have a hard time finding out the time; so don't ask them why they are so late to classes, for it embarrasses them not a little.

Often you can hear in the twilight a chorus of voices floating down on the evening air, and as you listen, entranced by the beautiful harmony, broken here and there by a nasal twang that would delight a musician's ear, you think instinctively of the "choir invisible," but are told it is only the Sky-High Glee Club offering up their evening song.

Such are in brief the characters of the inmates of "Sky-High," and you can not but admire the foresight of the Principal, who assigns to these "angels" the home, "Sky-High," typifying high aims, lofty ideas, and sanctified dispositions.





GOLF LINKS.

The Rout of the Assyrians.

From the "Judith."

(Translated from the Anglo-Saxon of Cynewulf.)

Then were made happy the men of the city,
As soon as they heard how the holy Maid spake
O'er the city wall lofty. Toward the gate of the fortress
Hurried the people—wives with their husbands,
In throngs and in multitudes, in crowds and in myriads,
Hurried they on toward the Maid of the Lord.
By thousands they ran, the old and the young;
The army was joyful, because in each
Of the mead-city's men was courage exalted,
As soon as they heard that Judith was come
Again to her country; and then with all promptness,
With lowly obeisance they opened the gate.
Then the Maiden, adorned with modesty golden,
Ordered her handmaidens, ever attentive,
The head of the warrior-chief to uncover,
For a signal all bloody to show to the people
How always in battle doth triumph attend her.
Then spake the Maid noble to all the people:
"Here you can well view, warriors triumphant,
Chiefs of the people, the head of the hated,
Hero of the heathen, the dead Holofernes,
Who, more than all men, injuries brought us,
Anxieties grievous: and still he would rather
With greater afflict us; but life to him longer
God would not grant, that he with all trouble
Again might molest us. His life I took from him
Through God's mighty help. Now every man
From this town I beseech—from this town
Of shield-bearers—that now you shall straightway
Hasten to battle: when God the Creator,
The glorious King, from the east shall send forth
Light for your guidance, go forth in your armor,
With helmets all gleaming in the midst of the foe,
And strike down the warriors, the death-fated heroes,
With glittering swords. They are your enemies,
Condemned to death, and the token of glory,

Of might in the conflict, is given thro' my hand
From Almighty God."

Then was quickly the swift host preparéd,
Warriors for battle, marched they, the brave,
Soldiers and comrades, bore they the standards;
Out to the conflict went they forth straightway,
Heroes 'neath helmets, from this holy city
At dawning of day; shield clashed on shield,
And loudly resounded. Then the gaunt wolf
Rejoiced in the forest, and the black raven,
Bird eager for slaughter; both of them knew
The warriors for them soon would provide
A feast on the fated: but hard on their traces
Flew then the eagle, bird dewy-feather'd,
Bird sallow-coated, horny-beak'd one,
Eager for food, sang he the battle-lay.

On march the warrior-heroes to battle,
Covered by shields, by hollowed-out lindens,
When the abuse of the foe they were forced to endure,
Reproaches of heathen. Soon at the sword-play
Were all the Assyrians sorely requited,
As soon as the Hebrews under their standards
Had marched to the fortress. Then they with celerity
Let fly forth their arrows—showers of arrows—
Arrows from horn-bows,
Arrows of strength: loudly then stormed they,
The warriors fierce: javelins they sent
'Mid the enemy's phalanx. Heroes were wrathful
'Gainst the race of the hated.

March they stern-spirited, resolute-hearted;
Aroused they not softly th' inveterate foe,
With mead-wine made drunken; forth from their scabbards
Swords then they draw, blades finely carved
And with trustworthy edge; vehemently slew they
Assyria's heroes, plotting all evil.

None did they spare
Of this warrior-folk, high-born or lowly,
Of all living men, whom they could o'ercome.
Fought every Assyrian then in his traces
The powerful host, till the far greater part
Of the enemy lay on the battle-field slain,
On battle-field fatal by swords laid low,
A delight to the wolves, and also a comfort
To ravenous birds. Then fled the survivors,
The hated shield-warriors. Fast on their traces
Went the host of the Hebrews, now by their vict'ry
With glory elated: to them the Lord God
Then granted aid, the Lord God Almighty.
Then with all speed, with glittering swords,
The valiant-souled warriors made a clear path,

Through the enemy's phalanx they hewed with their lindens,
The shield-roof they clave. The marksmen, in truth,
Were enraged from the conflict, the warrior Hebrews;
In their turn the vassals then greatly preferred
A battle with spears. Then fell in the dust
The highest-born leaders, Assyrian nobles,
Of the race ever hated; few e'er survived
To return to their country. Back fell the royal-brave;
The heroes retreated in midst of the carnage
'Mid bodies all reeking: then was room for the natives
To take from their foemen, foemen most hated—
Now lying dead—
Trophies all gory—ornaments beautiful,
Shield and broad-sword, helmets all burnished,
Jewels most precious. Their country's brave guardians,
Right nobly fought they on the field of the battle;
Their foes did they vanquish: their enemy ancient
They slew with the sword; in their traces did rest
The foemen most hated by them during life,
Of all living men. Then all the army,
The glorious band, for the space of one month,
The proud, curly-haired, carried, conveyed
To the glorious city, Bethulia the bright,
Helmets and daggers, corselets all hoary,
Warriors' trappings, adorned with gold,
Rich jewels more numerous than sage man
Could number,—
All that the warriors of glory obtained,
Valiant 'neath standards in the heat of the fight,
Through Judith's wise counsel,
Maid noble-minded. They to reward her
Brought in from their journey,
The men brave in spear-fight, the sword highly prized
And helmet all bloody of dead Holofernes,
With corselets of silk adorned with gold,
Gems and bright jewels, all of the wealth of the warrior-king,
They gave to the fair one, the Maid ready-witted.

MARGARET H. KABLE.

Adieu de Marie Stuart.

BÉRANGER

Adieu, charmant pays de France,
Que je dois tant chériè !
Berceau de mon heureuse enfance.
Adieu, te quitter, c'est mourir.
Toi que j'adoptai pour patrie,
Et d'où je crois me voir bannir,
Entends les adieux de Marie,
France, et garde son souvenir.
Le vent souffle, on quitte la plage,
Et peu touché de mes sanglots,
Dieu, pour me rendre à ton rivage,
Dieu n'a pas soulené les flots.
Lorsqu'aux jeux du peuple que j'aime,
Je ceignis les lis éclatants,
Il applaudit au rang suprême,
Moins, qu'aux charmes de mon printemps.
En vain la grandeur souveraine
M'attend chèz les sombres Écossois,
Je n'ai désiré d'être reine
Que pour regner sur des Français.
L'amour la gloire le génie
Ont trop enjoré mes beaux jours.
Dans l'inculte Calédonie
De mon sort va changer le cours
Hélas ! Un presage terrible
Doit livrer mon cœur à l'effroi ;
J'ai cru voir dans un sange horrible
Un échafaud dressé pour moi.
France, du milieu des alarmes
La noble fille des Stuarts,
Comme en ce jour qui voit ses larmes,
Vers toi tournera ses regards,
Mais Dieu ! Le vaisseau trop rapide
Déjà vague sous d'autres cieux,
Et la nuit, dans son voile humide,
Dérobe tes bords à mes yeux.
Adieu, charmant pays de France,
Que je dois tant chériè !
Berceau de mon heureuse enfance
Adieu, te quitter, c'est mourir.

Mary Stuart's Farewell.

Translated from the French by Nora Blanding Fraser.

Farewell, beloved France, farewell,
E'er cherished in my heart.
Thou cradle of my happy youth,
'Tis death, from thee to part.

Thou art my country now fair France,
And yet I've banished thee.
Oh, hear to-day my sad farewell
And guard my memory.
The wind blows soft, they leave the shore,
And little touched by pain,
God has not changed nor wind nor wave,
To bring me back again.

When in the eyes of people loved,
I was crowned with lilies, in truth
They praised much less my rank supreme
Than charms of beauty and youth.
This royal grandeur, all in vain
In Scotland waits for me.
I only wished to reign at all,
That in France I queen might be.

Long now have glory, genius, love,
O'er my youth held charm not strange.
In Caledonia rough and wild
The course of life will change.
Alas! foreboding, dark and grim,
Now fills me with affright:
I see oftentimes, in dreadful dream,
A scaffold reared by night.

Oh, France, amidst her growing fears
Marie for thee shall yearn,
As in this day which sees her tears
Towards thee her gaze shall turn.
But Heaven! The vessel swiftly now
Sails on 'neath other skies,
And night with veil so damp and dark
Conceals thee from mine eyes.

Farewell, beloved France, farewell,
E'er cherished in my heart,
Thou cradle of my happy youth,
'Tis death from thee to part.

Mignon's Lied.

GÖTHE'S "WILHELM MEISTER."

Kennst du das Land, wo die Citronen blühn,
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühn,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht,
Kennst du es wohl?

Dahin! Dahin
Möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.

Kennst du das Hans? Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach,
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, gethan?
Kennst due es Wohl?

Dahin! Dahin
Möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer, ziehn.

Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg?
Das Maulthier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg;
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut;
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Fluth.
Kennst du ihn wohl?

Dahin! Dahin
Geht unser Weg! o Vater, lasz uns ziehn?

Mignon's Song.

Translated from the German.

Oh, dost thou know that land, my love,
That land where the lemon blows ;
Where 'midst the foliage, dark and green,
The golden orange glows ?
And dost thou know that land, my love,
Where myrtle and laurel grow ;
Where breezes soft from heaven's blue
To earth are wafted low ?
Away to that land would I fly, my love,
Away to that land with thee.

Oh, dost thou know that house, my friend ?
On pillars rests its dome ;
Those shining halls, those glist'ning rooms
I once did call my home.
And dost thou know that house, my friend ?
Those statues still I see ;
They seem to say, "Thou, poor dear child !
What hath been done to thee ?"
Away to that house would I fly, my friend,
Away to that house with thee.

Oh, dost thou know that mount, my sire,
Whose paths lead to the sky :
Where 'midst the clouds the laden beast
Doth take his way on high ?
And dost thou know that mount, my sire,
Where dwells the dragon old ;
Whence fall the rocks, and over them
Doth rush the water cold ?
Away to that mount lies our path, my sire ;
Away to that mount let us go.

MARY HELEN BARNES.

Want Column.

- WANTED—A new nose—not too rosy M. ROBERTSON
- WANTED—A pompadour A. SKEGGS
- WANTED—A little cheek M. HARMAN
- WANTED—A pair of satisfactory eyes—Guaranteed to do all-night service L. BROOKE
- WANTED—A good recipe for making rhymes—Please state time required to boil M. H. KABLE
- WANTED—Two full-grown eye-lashes—Permanently warranted L. BOYD
- WANTED—A diploma—Several acceptable CLASS OF 1902
- WANTED—A machine to extract bones without pain E. MORRIS
- WANTED—Scales—Guaranteed to measure one ton less than Fairbanks's B. MCCORD
- WANTED—A match—The light that fails not I. GILLIAM
- WANTED—A poll-parrot—Warranted never to have sore throat . . . H. MORRIS
- WANTED—To know the nationality of E. Bonafield—We heard that she is a Pole. Can that be verified?
- WANTED—An anti-freckle cosmetic M. TILGHMAN
- WANTED—X-ray eyes which pierce the future B. WAUGH
- WANTED—Some persuasive power to get "ads" CELIA AND MABEL
- WANTED—A seminary of modern Priscillas—The John Aldens can be dispensed with THE FACULTY

In Lighter Vein





Grinds.

IRENE G.: "It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

ANN S.: "Thus idly busy rolls her world away."

JANIE W.: "The College all declared how much she knew;
 'T was certain she could write and cipher too."

ESTELINE P.: "Her manners were gentle, complying, and bland."

NORA F.: "By flattery unspoiled."

TEXAS: Her temper was generous, open, sincere."

IRENE S.: "With trailing garments through the air she came."

MARY ROBERTSON: "And still they gaze and still the wonder grows
 That one small head could carry all she nose."

GRACE S.: "She here shines forth solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of dress."

MARGARET S.: "Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

CLAUDE C.: "A motley air of courage and impudence."

THE EDITORS: "They woke one morning and found themselves famous."

MARY HARMAN: "Why such haste?"

SENIOR MATH. CLASS: "Hurrah for II! We shed many tears to think that strawberries are
 here."

PHOEBE J.: "O pretty Phoebe! Trust not complexion all too much!"

GERTRUDE R.: "Invulnerable in her impudence."

N. C. AND L.: "The world is surely wide enough for me and thee."

KATHARINE S——V: "Bashfulness is an ornament of youth."

GRACE K.: "Give me the stars, give me the skies, give me the heavens' remotest sphere."

ROSA M.: "Her sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece."

BESSIE MEETZE: "Somewhat she lisped to make her English sweet upon her tongue."

MAISIE I.: "Sober she seemed, and very sagely sad."

LUCY BROOKE: "Her reasons she spake full solemnly."

ALIDA S.: "'My eyes are my fortune, sir,' she said."

NELL R.: "Musicians are known by their hair."

BERTHA S.: "A baby face, no life, no airs,
 But what she learned at country fairs."

RENE H.: "One fault she hath, is sorry for 't:
 Her ears are half a foot too short."

NANOLA G.: "As for her voice, there 's none disputes
That she 's the very nightingale of mutes."

MARY LEWIS: "Returned and wept, and still returned to weep."

STELLA S.: "If her face is her fortune, then she is doomed."

HENRIETTA M.: "She hath a lean and hungry look."

LOIS C.: "A sain by trade."

MISSIONARY SOCIETY: "Alas for the rarity of Christian charity under the sun!"

ELIZABETH HILL: "Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view."

SALLIE G.: "We begged her but to patch her face."

MARIE R.: "She'd scorn the art of female tears."

ELEANOR M.: "Surely mortal woman is but a broomstick."

MARIE B.: "Life is the farce, the world a jest."

RUTH FINLEY: "The forlorn maid."

MARY A.: "That lazy seemed, in being ever last."

M. B. S.: "Strange thing it is an errant knight to see
Here in this place."

BESSIE R.: "And in her hands she held a mirror bright."

FRONT TERRACE: "Y-linked arme in arme in lovely wise."

RUTH K.: "With sturdie steps comes stalking."

N. COCHRAN: "And in her cheeks the vermeil red did show
Like roses in a bed of lilies shed."

LOUISE G.: "The noblest mind the best contentment has."

ALUMNÆ BRIDES: "Thee will I make, be sure, my lifelong care,
With thee will spend what years the fates shall give,
And when thou first shalt suffer, cease to live."

SENIOR HISTORY CLASS: "O help thou my weak wit, and sharpen my dull tongue."

LAURA WILLIAMS: "So fair and fresh as freshest flower in May."

MARY KERN: "A mischief-making monkey from her birth."

EDNA SNADER: "One ear it heard, at the other out it went."

ANNIE LAURIE: "All is not gospel that thou dost speak."

MABEL L——WICH: "O wearisome condition of humanity!"

LOUISE M.: "I want to do one thing, and I want to do it well."

NELLIE W.: "As merry as the day is long."

MEOW CLUB: "We had rather be kittens and cry mew
Than one of these same meter ballad-mongers."

EDITH S.: "For I am nothing if not critical."

THE BELL: "Silence that dreadful bell; it frights the school from her propriety."

HAZEL McD.: "Grammar, which knows how to control even kings."

CORNELIA STOUT: "Her voice is ever soft, gentle, and low,
An excellent thing in woman."

BESS McC.: "I am resolved to grow fat, and look young till forty."

KATHLEEN P.: "Of manners gentle."

STELLA McG.: "As an angel heavenly she sang."

MIMI: "Red hair, white teeth, and eyes of blue,
A patriotic girl for you."

CECILIA W.: "Those eyes are made so killing."

RUTH G.: "A penny saved is a penny got."

VERMELL L.: "Scared out of her seven senses."

LE T-ST-ER: "Short was her gown."

CAMERON: "Speak: we are bound to hear."

M. B. S. BOARDER: "Haply this life is best
If quiet life be best."

SPENSER TO SENIOR LIT: "I pray you mar no more my verses with reading them ill-favor-edly."

Facultas.

PROFESSOR EISENBERG: "He is the mildest-mannered man."

MISS CHATTERTON: "She smiles and ever smiles."

PROFESSOR BEARDSWORTH: "Was never Professor so faithful and so fair,
Was never Professor so meek and debonair."

MRS. CHASE: "Of bounty rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage."

MISS RIDDLE: "High erected thoughts, seated in the heart of courtesy."

MISS STREIT: "My library was dukedom large enough."

W. W. KING: "None but himself can be his parallel."

MISS WILLIAMSON: "A short saying often contains much wisdom."

MISS HOPKINS: "Mistress of herself, though China fall."

MISS MEETZE: "The very flower of youth."

MISS STRICKLER: "It is mind that makes the woman."

Quips and Cranks.

Ask Annie Skeggs when *Thomas Jefferson* played Rip Van Winkle.

BLANCHE H. : "Oh, if I should die in the Fall, it would kill me!"

MARIAN L. : "Wasn't it awful? To think of waking up and finding yourself unconscious!"

LOUISE C. : "I was so scared this morning, I sang a solo in Glee Club."

PHOEBE J. : "Who did you sing it with?"

PHOEBE J. : "Don't you love to swim, Virginia?"

VIRGINIA B. : "Yes, indeed, but I've never been in the water!"

TEACHER : "What is an epic poem?"

JOSIE B. : "An epic poem has a hero and he is *generally* a man."

KATHARINE S. : "Who was Ambrosia?"

Because of numerous 'sittings-on,' Eleanor Morris has become a comfortable Morris chair.

NINA N. : "Where are you from?"

LAURA B. : "Georgia."

NINA N. : "Oh, you're a Yankee. I thought you looked like one."

MISS S. : "Where was Moses born?"

MARY D. : "In the bulrushes."

MISS S. : "Who was 'Heaven's most potent angel'?"

EDITH S. : "Saint Peter."

BRIGHT GIRL : "Oh, it was Michaelangelo."

RUTH FINLEY : "Can some one change a one-cent stamp?"

LUCY BROOKE : "Will you please tell me where the outlet gets out?"

Q. : "What is most characteristically religious about Willamai?"

A. : "Her nose; it always points heavenward."

ELEANOR M. : "The worst boy I ever knew was named Tom Jones."

LOUISE B. : "Was he a man or a woman?"

Fanny Campbell informs us that the *one-horse* power steadily grew in Rome, till it resulted in the formation of the Empire. And she doesn't study Physics, either.

Ruth Kittle wants to know whether to put an *epitome* on her tombstone, to call her friends by an endearing epitaph, or to write an epithet of her life at the Seminary.

ALGEBRA CLASS—Pupil : “ Why is the problem worked this way ? ”

MISS M. : “ It makes no difference, but that’s the law.”

FIRST-YEAR GIRLS TO GRADUATES : “ But wretched we, where you have left your marke, must now anew begin like race to roune.”

GREEN GIRL : “ Are those who take part in the soirées called *sororities* ? ”

One girl informs us that the new uniform hats are of “ Pan-American straw.”

STUDY HALL—“ Speak low, if you speak, love.”

MIDNIGHT FEAST SOLILOQUY : “ Some of us will smart for it.”

E. S. : “ A tricycle is a three-wheeled bicycle.”

INQUIRING STUDENT : “ Is the Philistine the machine that killed so many people during the French Revolution ? ”

Lois : “ Did you see that chair with the embarrassed (embossed) back ? ”



In 2200 A. D.

ONE bleak afternoon in February the professor of Ancient American Customs in the "The Great Inter-Planetary University," leaned back in her chair wearily ; her face wore a very puzzled and thoughtful expression.

" Very curious about those customs," she murmured, " and their origin seems to have been lost. Truly these Americans had some very amusing ways." Then bending over the volumes, yellow with age, she continued to pore over their leaves long and earnestly, only being aroused when her valet announced that her air yacht was at the door waiting. Hastily picking up her hat and coat she went out. But just as she started on deck she caught sight of the mathematics professor as he dismounted from his air steed.

" Why, you are back early from your ride ; won't you join me ? I am not going very far, only to South America for a few hours." As he hesitated, she continued, " We can go elsewhere if you like—Egypt, say ?"

" No," he replied, " I was not thinking of that ; I have just returned from a rough ride, and I look dreadful, I know ; my hair must be a sight."

" O, nonsense ! you look all right ; come on, please do ?"

After a little more persuasion he went, and as they went on board she gave the signal to her aerists to let fly.

" Will it be too cool out here on deck for you, do you think ?" she asked her companion.

" Not at all ; it is very pleasant," was his answer.

But for fear he would take cold, as he was not strong, she bundled him up in steamer rugs.

While they were speeding over the sunny plains of South America, she suddenly turned to him and said, " Do you know, in my researches the other day among those curious old books, I came across the quaintest and funniest custom, which some hundred years ago prevailed in some of the countries of your planet."

" What was it ?" asked the professor.

" Why, it was a practice they had of sending valentines. Did you ever hear anything concerning them ?"

" It seems," replied her friend, thoughtfully, " since you recall it, that I have heard of them. O, yes, I remember now where it was ; it was mentioned by my grandmother in her ' Memoirs of My Last Presidency.' She spoke of it as being a ridiculous usage which became obsolete before her mother's time. That was all she said about them. What were they ?"

" Well, they were love messages, I suppose, which in these olden times were sent to the beloved object of affection. Usually they were of fancy paper, on which were hearts pierced with arrows, little fat Cupids blindfolded, and an appropriate verse. Now these valentines were not all alike. The book gave quite a description of different ones, though all had hearts and verses on them. Sometimes the hearts were of lace and gold paper and would stand out from the card, then inside the heart was the verse. A very pretty idea, don't you think so?"

" Yes indeed," he answered, " what a shame it is not customary now!"

" Yes, it was a pretty custom, and no doubt aided a bashful lover."

But at the mention of lovers the professor's timorous heart gave such a thump that it caused the blood to rush to his cheeks, and he dared not answer.

Perceiving his confusion, his fair companion went on : " There were also what they called comic valentines ; the pictures on them were horribly ugly, and the lines written beneath were supposed to extol the bad qualities of the person to whom they were sent. These valentines were sent to enemies."

As the professor had recovered from his momentary embarrassment, he said : " When were these valentines sent?"

" Somewhere in February—why, about this time, if I remember correctly. The tradition said it was in spring when ' a young man's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of love.' After all," she mused, " love is the same in all planets. Don't you think so?"

" I do not know," began the professor, " it seems that you Martians never think much of it."

" Dearest," she murmured as she gazed fondly down at him from her towering height of fourteen feet, " that is all you know about it. I have a heart which beats as wildly with love as ever your ancestors' did when they wrote those passionate lines :

The roses are red,
The violets are blue,
Sugar is sweet,
And so are you!

" And won't you be my valentine?"

The wedding was a grand event ; both parties having prominent relations in the planets. Over ten thousand invitations were sent out by wireless telegraphy. Immediately after the ceremony the happy couple left on a submarine steamer for a visit to the groom's relations in Bottomless Pacific.

W. C. BROWNING.

Notes from Old Girls.

Sharp Williams visited Gertrude Anselm and Isabel Scott last summer, and spent some time with Rosa Watkins this winter.

Elizabeth Ogle has had a delightful time in New York this winter.

Hope Stuart is in Jackson, Miss., with Rosa Watkins, "having the time of her life."

Jessie Hawks has spent most of her winter at home, but paid a charming visit to Gloucester, Mass., early in the fall.

Amy Catlett and Bettie Miller are both at school at Oldfields, Glencoe, Maryland.

Permele Elliot paid a flying visit to Staunton this winter.

Reba Sipe has had a charming time visiting in New York and Philadelphia, also Richmond.

Hattie Strayer spent some time in New York and Baltimore this fall.

Winifred Adderton and Lillie Penn visited Helen Bowen in Germantown, Pa., this winter.

Florence Kalkoff is at home now, after her charming trip abroad.

Virginia Lucas is studying biology and Greek at Wilson College, Chambersburg, Pa.

Mary Vost is still at Vassar, studying hard.

Ruth Lee writes very encouraging reports of her work in Brazil.

Miss Charlotte Kemper soon returns from Brazil for a well-earned rest.

Mary Cason has been teaching in Romney this year.

Mattie White has also been teaching in Romney, but expects to join her family in Oklahoma this summer.

Elizabeth Hatton is studying art in Washington this year.

Eva McCue has been visiting Clinton, S. C., this winter.

Millicent Lupton has been visiting friends in Nashville, Clarksville, and St. Louis.

Clyde Vager taught school part of the winter, but has been quite ill since.
We are glad to learn she is better now.

Elsie Hamilton has been studying vocal music in Baltimore this winter.

Rebecca Gilkeson has been pursuing her studies at home this year.

Mary Gaines has spent a charming winter in New Orleans.

Mattie Winston has been having a grand time in Chicago.

Nannie and Abbie McFarland are living in Charlottesville now.

Rosa Tucker visited Staunton this winter for a short time.

Claudia Hill visited her sister at the Seminary this session.

Ellie Sparkman made her début this winter, and has been having a glorious time.

Mary Ezelle is going to school in Washington.

Willie Stealey has had a delightful trip to Florida, taking in Cuba also.

Lucile Insley made her début this fall. She has been visiting in California lately.

Florence Williams is going to school in Washington.

Mary and Fannie Royster are at school at Madame Lafevré's in Baltimore.

Laura Boyd is at home this winter.

Dora Northington is at school in Sans Souci.

Alice Craig is teaching in Piedmont, Ala.

Eleanor Sloan is visiting in Baltimore.

Mary McIlwaine has been sick nearly all winter.

Mary Scott is going to school in Statesville, N. C. Isabel is teaching there.

Pauline Nix was in Staunton this spring.

Bessie Scott is studying vocal music in Chicago.

Winifred Adderton and Lilian Carr visited Lucy Boyd this winter. Lucy has been at home, but expects to go to Savannah soon.

Loreen Jones was at the Seminary for a week this fall.

Grace Berlin has been at home this winter.

Ella Smith is taking a post-graduate course in both vocal and instrumental music at the Seminary.

Bessie Leftwich taught at Millboro, Va., this winter.

Mrs. Wendel Spence, née Stella White, is now living in Dallas, Tex.

Linda and Abbie White live in Dallas, Tex.

Phoebe Heinsley is teaching in Dallas, Tex.

Mrs. Warren Johnson, née Hattie Bellamy, was in Staunton for a short time last fall.

Mrs. Robert de Rosset, née Ellie Bellamy, has been in Wilmington this winter.

Sadie Todd has been teaching this winter.

Ellette Tenney visited Belle Faucet this winter.

Margaret and Anna Belle Lyle are now living at Hampden-Sidney.

Elizabeth Turnbull has been at home all winter, and is organist in one of the churches there.

Edna Holland is at school in Lincoln, Neb.



*A*lumnae Brides.

Cora Lewis Shuey to Cornelius Preston Bowman, September 12, 1902, Fort Defiance, Va.

Vienna Elizabeth Fitzpatrick to Ernest Dill Crenshaw, September 4, 1901, Chicago, Illinois.

Cornelia Lornax May to Samuel Pheasants Christian, June 20, 1901, Staunton, Virginia.

Frances Griswold Peck to George Alsop Sprinkel, October 16, 1901, Staunton, Virginia.

Carrie Preston Bell to Ira S. Caldwell, October 16, 1901, Staunton, Virginia.

Dora C. Cern to Wilfred M. Feckheimer, September 25, 1901, Dallas, Texas.

Mary Esther Byers to Hugh Arthur Barber, December 18, 1901, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Ziella Ast to Hugh Caperton Braxton, April 9, 1902, Staunton, Virginia.

Helen Schwarz to Sam Brown, Junior, January 15, 1902, Vicksburg, Mississippi.

Benlah Mellen Schermerhorn to Daniel Harold Rucker, Jr., February 12, 1902, Hampton, Virginia.

Freddie Louise Kolstad to Werner Kühne, January 21, 1902, Palestine, Texas.

Lucilla Stanley Booker to Clement Anderson Boaz, September 10, 1901, Lexington, Virginia.

Bessie Brunson to Thomas Fauntleroy, July, 1901, Staunton, Virginia.

Julia Boyd Baker to James Carrington Foster, October 10, 1901, Staunton, Virginia.

Jennie May Hutchinson to William Daniel Overbeg, November, 1901, Columbus, Mississippi.

Leila Eloise Morgan to Robert Wortham Peatross, December 19, 1901, Savannah, Georgia.

Mary Elizabeth Kable to Elbert S. Miller, March 13, 1902, Atkins, Virginia.

Pattie Woodward Burnett to Nicholas S. Cooke January 15, 1902, Staunton, Virginia.

Nannie Holmes Davis to C. H. Richardson December 15, 1901, Clarksburg, West Virginia.

Sallie Moffet Hamilton to John H. McCormick, July 21, 1901, Steele's Tavern, Virginia.

Katharine MacPherson Scott to R. Bradley, April 30, 1902, Hagerstown, Maryland.

Edith Drew Atkins to Henry C. Pfeiffer, September 1, 1901, Boydton, Virginia.

Evelyn Madison Macon to Henry Dickson Atwood, April 23, 1902, Orange, Virginia.

Carrie Popkess to Arthur Cleveland, December 10, 1901, Atlanta, Georgia.

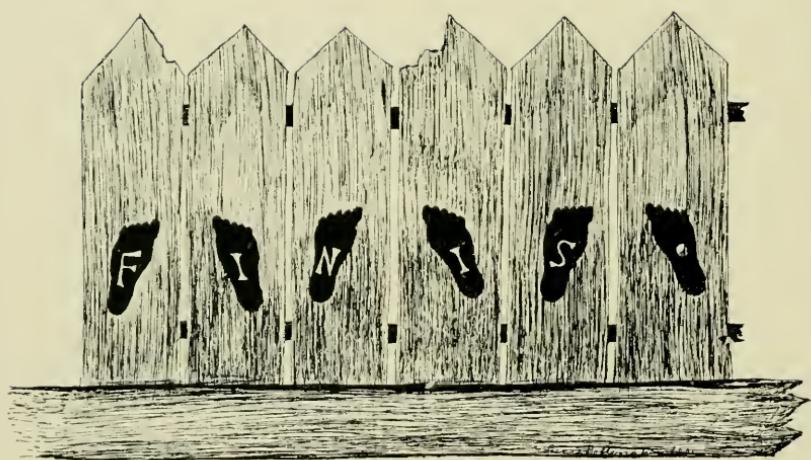
David Ada Todd to Griffith Meir, May 14, 1902, Owensboro, Kentucky.

Musette Newson to George B. Ketchum, May 3, 1902, Galveston, Texas.

C. Ranson to Herbert Taylor, May 22, 1902, Staunton, Virginia.

Josephine Loeb to Max Kronheim, February 19, 1902, Staunton, Virginia.



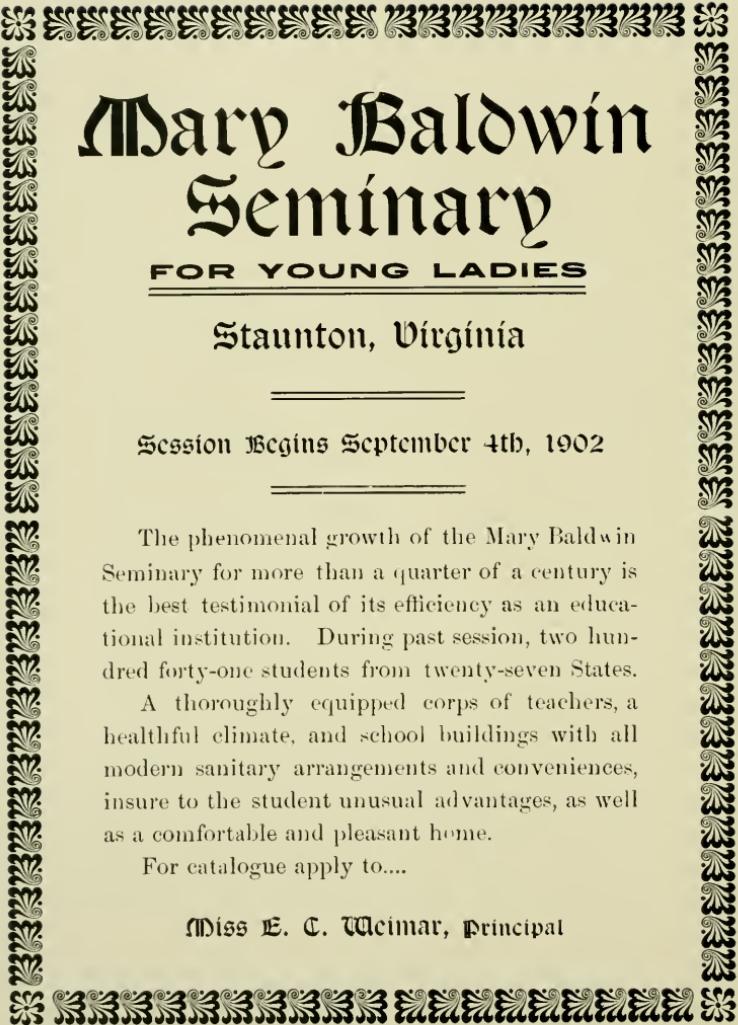






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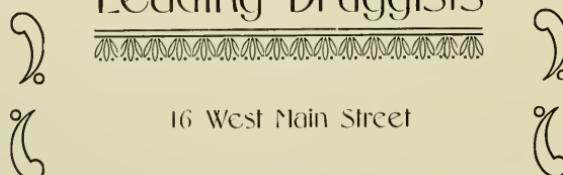
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At Close of Business February 25, 1902:

RESOURCES:

Loans and discounts,	\$683,499.52
Overdrafts,	1,304.94
U. S. 2 per cent. bonds (par value)	100,000.00
Other stocks and bonds,	128,115.50
Banking house and fixtures,	15,000.00
Due from banks,	\$345,126.68
Cash on hand,	152,179.84
Redemption fund,	2,500.00
	\$499,806.52
	\$1,437,726.88

LIABILITIES:

Capital stock,	\$169,000.00
Surplus and profits (net),	329,320.95
Circulation,	50,000.00
Deposits—	
Individual,	\$896,015.90
Government,	50,000.00
Banks,	12,390.03
	\$958,405.93
	\$1,437,726.88

DIRECTORS:

RO. W. BURKE
EDWARD ECHOLS

M. N. BRADLEY
ISAAC WITZ
WM. A. PRATT

P. H. TROUT
W. S. BURKE

Accounts solicited. Collections a specialty.

H. A. WALKER, Cashier.

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Miss Clara Baur, Directress.



INSTRUCTS, trains and educates after the best methods of Foremost European Conservatories. The faculty numbers

some of the leading German and English musicians.

The building demanded in steady growth constitutes the Finest Buildings devoted to Music in America; delightfully located on the hills overlooking the city, the environment of which, with regard to refinement, home comfort and luxurious surroundings, is ideal. Special advantages offered for Summer term. For prospectus address, MISS CLARA BAUR, Highland Ave., Oak St. and Burnett Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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High-grade Teas and Coffees a Specialty
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BUY, SELL, AND RENT CITY AND
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LOANS NEGOTIATED

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OPPOSITE PALMER HOUSE

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Skirts in Serpentine Effects, finished with graduated
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40 Styles from which to make
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Sheet Music & Musical Merchandise
Everything in the music line

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Pure Candies, Cakes
~ Ice Cream ~



Handler of Lowney's Chocolates
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Staunton, Virginia

Wm. R. Knowles

SUCCESSOR TO KINZLEY & KNOWLES

Wholesale and Retail
~ Meal Dealer ~

Fish & Oysters in Season

Pure Lard & Bacon, our curing,
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BELL 12
MUTUAL, RESIDENCE, 431
FARM--HEBRON CHURCH LINE
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Staunton, Va.

C. RUSSELL CALDWELL, President



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